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2 vols 95-

EAST BY WEST.

"We had thought at least, with the wind in the east
the ship would not travel due West."

EAST BY WEST.

A JOURNEY IN THE RECESS.

BY

HENRY W. LUCY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON :

RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON,

Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.

1885.

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TO MY WIFE,
COMPANION OF THE JOURNEY
AND
CO-LABOURER IN ITS RECORD.

LONDON, *Nov.* 1884.

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EAST BY WEST.

CHAPTER I.

“OFF SANDY HOOK.”

THERE are few phrases in the English language more familiar than “Off Sandy Hook.” It is a standing head-line in most English newspapers ; and the fact recorded in the *Court Circular* that “the Queen walked out yesterday” is not a more frequently reiterated piece of information than that yesterday such-and-such great steamers were “off Sandy Hook.” Like many other familiar phrases, it conveys to the mind no definite idea of the thing itself. It is only in the mighty leisure of a voyage across the Atlantic that one has time to formulate the question, What is Sandy Hook ? “Why Rookery ?” as Miss Betsy Trotwood sharply asked David Copperfield when he

mentioned the postal address of the step-paternal home. Is Sandy Hook a curved instrument with which a great and friendly nation seizes incoming ships and gives them a pull on to New York after ascertaining the precise quality of the assisted emigrants on board? Is it a hook at all, and is it in any obtrusive way sandy?

The questions must remain unsolved as far as this record is concerned, for when we passed Sandy Hook it was midnight, and only two beacons indicated the world-famed spot. It was a magnificent night, with the moonlight shining over a smooth and glassy sea. About half-past eleven, when most of the passengers had retired to their state-rooms, the stillness was broken by strains of music coming nearer and nearer. Presently a tug bore down upon us, and an excited crowd began to call on "Brown!" We had on board an inoffensive gentleman of that name travelling with his wife and young daughter. I now learned, with the feeling of regret that fills the mind when one finds too late he has been entertaining angels unawares, that Mr. Brown was the State printer of New York, and that this was the Democratic party who had worked ungrudgingly to obtain for him the office, and now welcomed his return from European

travel. They had come to bear Mr. Brown off, an undertaking not without difficulty, seeing that we had not yet passed quarantine.

But the Democratic party of New York when it puts its hand to the plough makes its furrow straight and deep. It had obtained a special permit from the ordinarily inflexible city authorities to allow Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, and Miss Brown, forthwith to land in case there were no sickness on board the *Britannic*. They engaged a doctor at a special fee to visit the ship and give the necessary certificate; and so with the band playing "Home, Sweet Home," the Democratic party madly cheering, and violently shaking hands with the rescued passengers, the tug faded out of sight over the moonlit sea, and we were bereft of Brown.

Fancy Mr. Hansard, who prints our Parliamentary Reports, or one of the firm of Spottiswoode, the Queen's printers, coming home from a trip to Antwerp or Australia, and either the Liberal party or the Conservative party running down to Gravesend with a string band to bear him home in triumph! I am afraid there is no doubt that, by comparison, we as a nation are lethargic in politics.

We were over a thousand souls on board the *Britannic*, a fearful charge for the under-

taking of any one man. For the first few days it weighed heavily on the spirits of our captain, and left him no time for those frivolities by which some captains of big passenger ships round off the sharp edge of official duty. No little tea-parties in the captain's room, no attentions to the fair, no chatting with the brave, and no assumption at the table of the cheery attitude of host. Till we were in mid-Atlantic the captain's place at the head of the table was, in truth, rarely filled, except in the sense that Banquo sometimes sat at the banquetting board. Occasionally the passengers at dinner became aware of the presence of a tall figure carefully wrapped up, standing by the doorway surveying the festive scene. Sometimes It sat in the chair at the head of the captain's table, gloomily ate a dish, and disappeared. At others It shook its head, and stalked forth, wondering how two hundred men and women could eat and drink when the wind was south-east by east-half-east, and at any moment something might happen at the lee scuppers.

This is our captain as he appears "when the stormy winds do blow" and we are near land, in the track of ships and of danger. But when fine weather comes he thaws out, and though always preserving the self-re-

corded characteristic of the Duke of Wellington, inasmuch as he “has no small-talk,” proves himself a pleasant gentleman, as popular with the passengers as he is with the more critical company of officers and crew.

Of our precious freight of a thousand souls, only a little over two hundred are saloon passengers. The day before we left Liverpool, the *City of Rome* sailed on the same voyage, having on board 464 saloon passengers. That means an immense amount of discomfort through all stages of the day—overcrowded decks, a scramble in the ladies’ saloon, a block in the smoking-room, and two courses of meals, one half waiting while the other half breakfasts, lunches, and dines. It is a great temptation to shipowners to make hay while the sun shines, and in the American passenger department it shines pretty hotly from April to September. On the day the *Britannic* left the Mersey, with her modest complement of 214 saloon passengers, the White Star Company had upon their books applications for an additional 900 passages. But the company have a rule, which is kept at all costs. The spacious dining-room will seat 220 guests, each having his or her appointed armchair and cubic measurement of table room. Accommodation elsewhere being in proportion, there is no possibility of overcrowding.

I heard a good story of two well-known Americans. They had been accustomed to visit Europe in May, and had competed with each other for the best berths on the *Germanic* or *Britannic*. A having been done by B two years in succession, thought he would be all right in 1884. Accordingly, in March, 1883, he wrote engaging the captain's room and three of the best state-rooms for the first voyage of the *Germanic* in May, 1884. Flushed with the certainty of triumph, he incautiously mentioned the circumstance to a friend. Pleased with this stroke of real smartness, the friend spread the story, which came to the ears of B, who immediately cabled to Liverpool to secure for himself "the captain's room and three best state rooms on the *Germanic's* first voyage out from New York, in May, 1884." When in due course A's letter arrived by mail, an answer was sent by return expressing profound regret that the berths named had been already allotted. This is the simple record of a business transaction, and I have seen both the telegram and the letter.

There are very few English among the saloon passengers, only a score as far as I can count; one a member of the House of Commons, who, whilst doubtful as to the

future leadership of his party, is pretty certain the Bankruptcy Bill will fail. There are two Italians who seat themselves outside the saloon, picturesquely draped in party-coloured silk rugs, and look unutterable woe. There are many Germans and one Swede. There is a pretty Servian and a grim Montenegrin, who have settled one phase of the Eastern Question by marrying each other. They have brought with them a middle-aged servitor, who, if his tact were equal to his devotion, would be invaluable. The pretty Servian sits for the most part on deck, her fair face standing even the cruel test of sea-sickness. The one conviction deeply rooted in the mind of the middle-aged retainer is that if madame will only eat, all will be well. He is always turning up with trays of refreshment, chiefly of a fatty substantial kind. He has tried these himself and is well and happy. Why should not madame try them?

By a providential arrangement, madame is spared sight of nearly fifty per cent. of the viands, owing to their premature dispersal over the deck. As soon as the faithful servitor reaches the deck by the companion way, his eyes search out the object of his devotion, and his face lights up with a knowing smile. But a middle-aged servitor cannot fix his eyes on

his lady's face and at the same time see the legs of projecting chairs, or be prepared for a sudden lurch of the ship. Over he goes, viands and all, and thus accident blasts the fruition of hope.

This has come to pass so frequently that the approach of the middle-aged servitor with the inevitable plate of meat has come to be the signal for a general gathering up of skirts, and his passage is watched with an anxiety that could not be excelled by a crowd watching Blondin wheel a barrow across a tight-rope. But he sees and knows nothing of this, his eyes being always fixed on the loved face, and his mind in a tremor of delicious anticipation of her delight when she discovers that under the metal plate-cover he has a pork chop. Sometimes virtue is its own reward. Having in despair one day brought up an ice-cream, and this, too, being gently but wearily declined, he publicly ate it, with many signs and gestures of immense satisfaction, a little accentuated by the facial contortions that follow upon incautiously eating ice in large spoonfuls.

Of all nationalities, Americans vastly predominate, coming home singly or in families, having "done Europe." With Americans of the present generation European travel is a

business undertaking, seriously gone into, without too carefully counting the cost, but with fixed resolve to have the money's worth. Four months is the correct time to take, and between May and September the American leaves untrodden few notable spots, whether on the Continent or Great Britain. He, as it were, takes a series of "Half-Hours with Our Best Cities." The sailing of the mail steamers from Queenstown gives Americans an opportunity of seeing Ireland, which they are not slow to avail themselves of. Many cross over some days before the steamer starts, and having seen Dublin, the Phoenix Park, the Giant's Causeway, the Lakes of Killarney, and the Blarney Stone, contentedly step on board at Queenstown humming "Nunc Dimittis." Short of making this special tour, they avail themselves to the fullest extent of the opportunities of seeing show-places afforded by the detention of the mail steamer at Queenstown.

"Yes, I guess I did pretty well," a young man from Troy said in the smoking-room on the night of sailing from Queenstown. "I took the boat to Cork; saw Queenstown Harbour; took train to Blarney, went over the castle, and kissed the stone; came back to Cork, and did the Exhibition; took an outside car, drove all over the city, and whilst

we were waiting for the mails to be put aboard bought a carved oak walking-stick and a shillelagh."

This seemed pretty well for a chance flying visit; but there was a discontented tone in the young man's voice and a look in his face that indicated a suspicion there was something he had omitted. I gathered from wide conversation among these frank and hearty people that for them the chief attractions in England are the Tower of London, the city of Chester, Westminster Abbey, Shakespeare's Tomb, and the Royal Stables.

Amongst the sights of Queenstown not entered in any recognized guide book, what moved the Americans most was the process of getting the Royal mails on board the tender. The arrangements for the transmission of the mails are in the same primitive condition they were when the mails first went by the Queenstown route. Possibly things go all right up to Cork, but thereafter follow arrangements that would be incredible except from the lips of an eye-witness. The distance from Cork to Queenstown by the direct line is fifteen miles, which in the case of the Royal mail would be covered in as many minutes by the English Midland or Great Western Railway. The Irish train carrying the mails, with

a colossal steamer and a thousand passengers impatiently awaiting them, stops at nearly every station on the way down, and arrives breathless and puffing in thirty-five minutes.

Then the screaming part of the farce begins. Instead of swift well-horsed mail-carts, that would cover the intervening space between the railway station and the wharf in a few minutes, a melancholy procession of heavy one-horse carts are backed in, and when loaded leisurely meander down to the wharf. As the yard and entrance admit of only one cart at a time, an empty one has to be cleared out before a full one is brought up. A gang of about a dozen men are ready to shoulder the sacks and trot off with them to the tender, a force sufficiently strong. But there is only one man on the cart to place the sacks on the men's shoulders, and the stream is constantly dammed, three or four men regularly waiting till they can be loaded. It seems so obvious a thing to take off one of the gang of porters and put him on the cart to help to load, that it is presumable the step is not taken only because such increase of expedition would be out of keeping with the general arrangements.

When, as happened on the day we sailed, the Australian and New Zealand mails swell the consignment up to nearly four hundred

sacks, a delay ensues equal to a considerable money value. An American of a statistical turn of mind calculated that if the loss in the value of time to the owners of the *Britannic*, to the consignees of freight, and to the thousand passengers were added together, it would amount to a sum sufficient to pay the cost of telegraphing all the letters in the mail bags. That is a calculation evidently made upon imperfect data, by a man deeply moved at this evidence of the ineptitude of a played-out nation. But the amount of mere money loss would be sufficient in a year to cover any reasonable expenditure upon obvious ways of improvement.

In packing up for a long journey the question of books presents itself with persistency. But books take up much room, and weigh heavy. Moreover, it is well known that in the United States you can buy, at prices varying from sevenpence-halfpenny to tenpence, the choicest works of modern English literature. It is not without some feeling of shamefacedness that one purchases at this rate the works of dear friends, knowing that they are being robbed of their dues. But what would you? When you go to Rome you must do as the Romans do, and similarly in the United States, soothed by the certainty

that a great and enlightened people would not systematically pursue a particular practice if it were actually dishonest. With this prospect at an early stage of the journey of an unlimited supply of books in cheap and portable form, it seems sufficient if one could take from home a compendious little volume with something in it for all possible emergencies.

This is to be found in "English as She is Spoke," that precious volume with which Senor Pedro Carolino has dowered the world. Turning up the page where instructions are given "For embarking one's self," I find the hints brief, but to the point.

"Don't you fear the privateers?" asks the inquiring mind.

"I jest of them," answers the dauntless traveller. "My vessel is armed in man of war. I have a vigilant and courageous equipage, and the ammunitions don't want me its."

"Never have you not done wreck?" the inquirer proceeds, determined to make his friend as uncomfortable as possible on starting.

"That it has arrived me twice;" and here the conversation ends, it being plainly impossible to flutter this calm, courageous soul.

There is, however, one danger of the deep not here alluded to, which I have

found in the realization more terrible than pirates, storm, or fog. This is the presence of an infant of tender years in an adjoining state-room. That a passenger should chance to be thus situated is not a matter of great surprise, nor would it in ordinary circumstances be one of just complaint. The ship is swarming with children, from infants in arms to a lusty contingent who when the deck is wet, as not infrequently happens, take possession of our chairs and run them up and down the slippery boards. It seems to be the correct thing for American infants to be teething on the Atlantic or weaned on a White Star Liner.

During the first days of the voyage I looked for a sensible diminution of numbers among the elder children owing to natural causes. The boundless hospitality of the ship concentrates itself in a succession of mighty efforts at half-past seven in the morning, at noon, and at five o'clock to fill these children up. To see them at breakfast, dinner, or tea it would reasonably be supposed that the effort would be more than successful. But ten minutes after any meal you shall behold a cluster of small boys and girls at the foot of the staircase wheedling the second steward, a man of infinite, if mistaken, kindness, into

giving them handfuls of gingerbread, pocketfuls of nuts, or plates loaded with a dubious confection highly popular in this community under the name of Eccles cakes.

I never pass this ever-changing group at the foot of the staircase without apprehension of coming in contact with fragments of a burst boy or an exploded girl. But nothing ever happens of a fatal kind. They eat all day, sleep all night, and turn up on deck early in the morning to "skate the chairs," which, in addition to running the risk of breaking them, has the recommendation of waking up any one asleep in the berths below.

These are general blessings diffused throughout the ship's company. My particular boon is something over and above, a special addition to the common lot. My baby never leaves the state-room to go on deck. Sometimes in the dead unhappy night I find it hard to resist the wish that it were otherwise. One might volunteer to take him for awhile from the wearied nurse's arms, show him over the side of the vessel the wild joy of the Atlantic waves, and then—who knows? A babe is never safe in inexperienced hands, and on the following night an unwonted peace might brood over one quarter of the ship. This terrible infant is not only

always in his cabin, but is always wailing, after all not the most serious part of the infliction. His *entourage* is German, and every one who has met Germans travelling is painfully aware of their vocal peculiarities. I remember one quiet autumn evening sitting on the terrace of an hotel at Baveno. Far away across the broad Lago Maggiore shone the white walls of Pallanza, with its big hotel. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a murmur, as of a distant multitude engaged in deadly conflict.

"What's that?" I asked my companion, "an *émeute*?"

"Oh no," he answered carelessly, "they've finished dinner at the hotel over there, and the Germans have come out on the terrace for a little friendly conversation."

Pallanza has come alongside Baveno now, and sometimes when the family are conversing there is a difficulty in hearing the shrill wail of the infant. But only then.

Two or three Sessions ago a question was raised in the House of Commons as to the steerage accommodation in Atlantic steamers outward bound. Statements were made, purporting to be the result of personal experience, which greatly shocked public opinion, and, though discredited by a report subsequently

made at the instance of the Board of Trade, something of that impression doubtless still lingers. It occurred to me that the present was a favourable opportunity of making investigation. On Thursday, being just a week out, I found a quiet and full opportunity of spending some time in the steerage. There are 708 steerage passengers on the *Britannic*, apparently exiles from all the kingdoms of Europe. As far as possible, they camp out in nations, the Scandinavians having their quarters, the Germans theirs, the Finns theirs, the Irish theirs, and so on through the record.

With the exception of married couples, who have their special quarters, the women are all aft and the men all forward. Where the married couples live their berths are set out in blocks, each decently curtained from the other. In none of the berths is bedding provided, emigrants bringing what they deem requisite in that way, which in some cases, notably that of the Finns, does not reach extravagant proportions. The single women sleep on bunks, each containing five berths, one tier above the other, as in the saloon state-rooms. The arrangements for the single men are of the same character. Both forward and aft there are broad gangways providing free circulation, and portholes,

wide open at the time of my visit, giving abundant light. The floor was neatly sanded, and the bunks still preserved the severely scoured condition in which they left port.

One of the things which most strikingly divide new and old order in the matter of ocean steamships is the care for ventilation. We had a rough time of it for the first five days out of Liverpool, and our state-room was once occupied for forty hours at a stretch. In the fortieth hour it was as fresh as in the first. The system here adopted is on the broad principle in vogue in the House of Commons, the best-ventilated Chamber in the world. A constant supply of fresh air is pumped in just above the level of the floor, and, working its way upward as it becomes warmed, passes out through an open cornice in the ceiling. In the steerage and forward on board the *Britannic* there is an automatic ventilating apparatus which I will not attempt to describe, but which, in conjunction with the windsails, always freighted with fresh air blowing over the Atlantic, keeps up a supply that must be subtly invigorating to the denizens from crowded cities, and perhaps a little embarrassing to the Finns.

As to food, the boundless hospitality which reigns in the saloon is here diffused. Perhaps

for the first time in their lives these seven hundred men, women, and children live in a land where it is always meal-time. There are three regulation meals on the day of my visit thus provided for:—Breakfast: Irish stew, fresh bread and butter, tea, and coffee. Dinner: Soup, fresh beef and potatoes, stewed apples, and rice. Tea: Fresh bread and butter, tea, and gruel.

"It is," as a pale-faced man said to me with a gleam of tender recollection in his eyes, "cut and come again."

Every one can have as many helpings as he pleases, and towards the middle of the voyage, when they find their sea-legs, they please in a manner truly appalling. Lest they should feel hungry between whiles there are three large open barrels set by the main gangway. One contains biscuits, another rusks, and a third butter. At any hour of the day or night these may be dipped into. There is also throughout the day tea and coffee always going. From time to time a barrel of herrings is opened, and anon a barrel of apples, into which all are free to dip. How all this can be done at four guineas a head, the current rate of steerage passage, is a problem which I trust the owners have satisfactorily solved.

At the time of my visit the passengers were all on deck—all but seven. These were a wondering white kitten, two canaries in a cage in the steerage, three thrushes in a large wicker cage forward, and in one of the berths a lusty infant, six weeks old, laughing and crowing and evidently in a state of profound satisfaction with the world as far as he had yet seen it.

CHAPTER II.

NEW YORK CITY.

It is a pity that the first consideration forced upon the attention of the foreign visitor on landing at New York is the state of the roads. As far as I know, no civilized town—certainly no capital city—has thoroughfares in such a condition as those which disgrace New York. It is urged in extenuation that the tram-cars make good roads impossible, and that, as everybody travels by cars, the state of the roads outside the rails does not much matter. But neither of these assertions will bear consideration. New York is not the only city in the world that has trams. We have them in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and most English towns. Yet the roads are kept in good condition. The tram lines in New York would of themselves make a British vestryman stare. In London the lines are laid with the flange on one side level with the

road, and the grove as narrow as possible, with the object of preventing wheels of cabs and carriages from locking. Here, in the centre of mechanical activity and ingenuity, are found the old open rails of the time of George Francis Train, pitfalls for the unwary hackney coaches, traps for the hapless omnibuses.

Outside the rails the roadway is in a pitiable condition. To drive from the White Star Wharf to the Windsor Hotel is a transit more perilous than a voyage across the Atlantic. In respect of the condition of the roads there is not much to choose between up town and down town. Fifth Avenue is admittedly the principal street in New York. Yet I can see out of the window at which I write—immediately in front of the Windsor Hotel, within a stone's throw of the Vanderbilt mansion, in the middle of the thoroughfare along which the wealth and fashion of New York daily drive—a hole in the roadway two feet long, a foot broad, and from three to four inches in depth. Skibbereen does not shine in the matter of roadways; but if opposite the hotel in Main Street there were a hole of this kind, the population would turn out in a body and denounce the Saxon Government.

The whole question of street locomotion in

New York is curious and interesting. The Elevated Railroad, familiar at least by name to all Englishmen, offers the fullest facilities for getting about a city of the peculiar construction of New York. It seems at first blush a monstrous proposition that a company of private speculators should seize upon the streets of a capital, run up iron posts, sling girders across, and run a railway along the level of the first-floor windows. But the streets of New York are so bad that there is a not unnatural feeling on the part of the inhabitants that they could not be made worse. Now the railway is made and is in working order it is gratefully accepted as one of the institutions of the city. The trains run frequently to all places where men most congregate. The carriages are comfortable and airy, the roadway, benefiting by the spring of the girders, is exceptionally easy, and the price of a journey, whether long or short, is fivepence.

Whilst the trains run overhead the cars run below at half-price; and morn, noon, and night, in rain or sunshine, both are crowded. A New Yorker rarely walks. A proposal that, having a visit to pay to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, I should walk, nearly had serious consequences to the hall porter at the Windsor.

"Why," he said, gasping, "I guess it's twenty blocks off!"

He could not have been more taken aback if I had proposed to accompany Sergeant Bates, who having, utterly regardless of danger, carried the American flag through England, is now about to walk through the United States with the object, as he explains, of consolidating North and South, and stamping out the last embers of an ancient feud.

Across the river, in New Jersey, there are means of locomotion more startling to the insular mind than the Elevated Railroad. Travelling to South Orange, the train winds its way at full speed through the main streets of whatever towns or villages lie in its route. From time to time there are outbursts of indignation in England because of some accident at a level crossing. Here is a level crossing miles in length, with an occasional signalman to wave the alarm where the thoroughfares bisect the track. The company think they have done enough if they adapt the ordinary cow-catcher to the exigencies of the human population, and at regular intervals of space, entreat infants in arms to "Look out for the Locomotive." In addition to these precautions the engine tolls a sepulchral bell, which just after another man or

woman has been killed has a most impressive sound.

This arrangement of the railway, whether travelling on the level of first-floor windows or along the main street of a populous town, is characteristic of the American's notion that the world was made for man, and not man for the world. To have railroads "right there" is the handiest thing, and is accordingly done. On the same principle, an American lounging on a chair in a smoke-room will put his legs on a table if it be within reach. The table was not made for legs, any more than the main street of Orange or Newark was made for railways. But there's the table and there are the main streets. So the legs go on one, and the railroads run along the other.

This spirit of utilizing whatever lies nearest to hand is shown again in the matter of advertisements. The ugliness of New York is in places accentuated by the upheaval of lumps of sandstone rock, standing on bleak bits of cleared land. If this were Paris the opportunity would be seized to make a bright spot in the heart of the city. Beds of flowers would bloom on velvety turf, and the bare rock would be covered with climbing plants. The practical mind of the American is struck with the excellent position of these stones for

advertising purposes, and they are accordingly covered with imperative injunctions to "Buy your Dry Goods for Cash," or to lose no time in ordering the "Rising Sun Stove Polish."

On the outskirts of the city advertisements are planted out like cabbages or celery along the fields skirting the lines of railway. Down by the City Hall some building is going on which necessitates the putting up of scaffolding, the poles of which stand in barrels full of earth. These barrels had not been fixed an hour before they were hired to display the advertisement of a pianoforte maker. For several seasons the hotel-keepers at Coney Island, who have their private advertising connections, have been driven wild by a small boat with a large sail that tacks up and down off the crowded beach. On the sail is printed in gigantic letters, "Give Batty's Soap a Show." There is no escaping this. People go down to Coney Island to be near the life and freshness of the Atlantic; and looking out seaward there is ever in view this small boat with its large mainsail bearing the strange device, "Give Batty's Soap a Show."

There is little doubt that had the Ark happened to be stranded on Jersey Heights instead of on Ararat, Noah on stepping out in the morning would have found the structure plastered

over with injunctions to "Use Gastrine for Dyspepsia," or to "Give Gargling Oil a Turn."

The condition of the thoroughfares and the facilities afforded by the elevated railroads and the endless chain of tramways combine to banish cabs from the daily use of the New York citizen. But there are times when a cab must be taken, and then the driver has his revenge for long neglect. Eight and fourpence is practically the lowest fare taken by a New York hack-driver. From the White Star Wharf to the Windsor Hotel, a distance certainly not exceeding three miles, I paid twelve and sixpence. Moreover, a gentleman, who introduced himself to me as "the Boss," demanded the fare before starting, a procedure resented as an imputation upon my solvency. But long before the hotel was reached, I perceived that it was simply a shrewd business transaction, for the odds were heavily against arrival at our destination. If the horse lived so long, the rattletrap conveyance would surely come to grief over the corduroy road. Twice the horse stopped in protest against this sort of thing on a Sunday morning. The second time the driver got down and humoured him by taking off one of his shoes; after which he did better, and covered the three miles in forty-eight minutes.

I wanted to argue with the driver in favour of a reduction, on account of the economy effected in the matter of shoes. The case seemed very clear. I had hired a horse with four shoes. We had started with four shoes, and we arrived with three, a saving to the proprietor of twenty-five per cent., in which the fare had a right to participate. But it was no use talking. "The Boss" had my three dollars paid in advance, and if we had reached the hotel with only one shoe, as would probably have happened had it been a few blocks farther off, or if we had never arrived at all, he would have regarded the financial incident as closed.

This same peremptoriness in the matter of securing payment is strongly marked in the Customs Department. America is a free country, and when a man is egregiously overcharged for Customs duty he is at liberty to "protest." Nothing can exceed the earnestness with which a New York Customs House officer invites the angered traveller to "pay under protest." A fellow-voyager on the *Britannic* had on the outward voyage played poker till, on arriving in the Mersey, he found himself, after many vicissitudes, the winner of eight pounds. After the manner in which equally pious men of old used to build a

church or endow a shrine after a prolonged bout of wickedness, our young friend, finding in an old furniture shop in Durham a piece of carved wood, certified by the second-hand furniture man to have formerly been a part of the altar of the cathedral, bought it with intent to present it to his parish church. When others ruefully counted up the cost of facing the Customs officials with their importations, the reformed poker-player complacently eyed the case containing his altar-piece.

"That's real sixteenth-century work," he said. "It goes through as an antiquity, duty free."

I met him in the Customs shed two hours later. "What's the matter?" I asked, noticing his flushed faced and angry mien; "has the antiquity come out broken?"

"Antiquity be darned," he answered, with painful profanity. "'Twenty dollars duty,' says the fellow to me when I showed him the invoice. 'Sixteenth-century work,' says I, 'goes through as an antiquity.' 'You bet it don't,' says he. 'Antiquities don't begin till fourteenth century. Twenty dollars duty, but you can pay under protest.' So I had to pay for a mean matter of two centuries. If I'd only known the regulation, I guess that

altar would have been made two centuries earlier."

Still he had had the satisfaction of paying under protest, a luxury which, unlike some others, is not of a fleeting character. The manager of the leading English Insurance Company in the United States tells me that a similar joy has lingered with him for six years. There is published here, for the use of insurance managers, a wonderful series of maps, showing at a glance the height, breadth, depth, and form of construction of every house and public building in the principal towns. The English directors having heard of this asked for the loan of one of the maps. Being returned in due course, the Custom House officers at New York pounced upon it, and in spite of clear evidence that it was in all respects of American manufacture, heavily taxed it. Payment of duty was made under protest, and upon communication with the Treasury repayment was promised. But it has never come, and there remains only the subtle satisfaction of having lodged the protest.

Mention of this insurance map, a monument of patience and labour, recalls another evidence of the completeness with which Americans carry a project through. Foremost among the drawbacks of holiday time

with the British householder is the anxiety as to what will become of his house whilst he is away. The New Yorker is relieved of this care and of some other domestic ones by a regularly constituted company. His fairy godmother, connecting his abode by telegraph wires with her own central domain, will upon the ringing of a bell send a messenger prepared, like the British marine, to go anywhere and do anything. A second signal will, as if by magic, bring a carriage to the door; a third will bring a policeman; a fourth sounds a fire alarm; and I do not doubt that there are other signals that will call anything or anybody likely to be required in any well-regulated household. When the householder goes away to Newport, Longbranch, or other holiday resort, the godmother takes entire charge of the house, fastens windows and doors, connecting them with her own rooms, where, upon the slightest attempt to enter the closed house, a bell rings, and by the time that the pleased burglar has settled down to his work the police arrive.

But a house shut up for a month in summer time would grow insufferably musty. The fairy godmother thinks of this, and once a week sends down, has all the windows thrown open, and thoroughly airs the house.

It is gratifying to know that the godmother makes a handsome income out of this beneficial enterprise. When one thinks of the houses in London left tenantless for five or six months in the year, with the attendant expenses of housekeeping, and the constant fear of malpractices from without and within, one wonders whether there are no terms of a strictly commercial character upon which the fairy godmother could be induced to care for London as she does for New York.

Owing to convenient contiguity to a rich stone quarry, it has come to pass that New York is one of the sombrest-looking cities in the world. The dream of the rich New Yorker, realized in the case of Mr. Vanderbilt, is to live in a brown stone-fronted house—that is to say, to show a bold veneer of brown stone to the world that passes along the main street, putting off your neighbours at the back with ordinary brick. No words can adequately convey a notion of the depressing shade of a New York brown stone house. It is something of the colour of chocolate without the red tint which relieves it from absolute dullness. It gives the passer-by the idea that here is a house once strong and healthy, now sickening with a vague disease. It is impossible to conceive any colour on the palette

that would set off or even harmonize with this sickly hue. To do the New Yorker justice no ordinary canons of art deter him from experiments. The brown stone fronts are backed with brick painted a brilliant red, pointed in black. Add to this Venetian shutters of a bright green, and sunblinds of crimson stripes, and you will get a result joyously achieved in many of the streets of New York. Sometimes whilst the shutters remain a brilliant green there are calico blinds of a deep blue. But I am not sure that this is an improvement.

In Fifth Avenue and streets akin to it, there is some general toning down of these colours. But they break out here and there, and scarcely anywhere is the eye relieved from the depression of the deadly dulness of the brown. In New York politics efforts are sometimes made to bring about what are called the primary elections in July, because in that month, as it is said, "the brown stone fronts are out of town." If this were literally true it would be a great deliverance for New York.

But the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and New York has an architectural glory, perhaps two, which cover a multitude of brown stone fronts. The lesser one is the white marble cathedral in Fifth Avenue, the

finest modern building of the kind I ever saw. The other, a marvel of combined beauty and strength, is Brooklyn Bridge, which is worth a journey across the Atlantic to see. Looked at from a distance, whether near or far, it seems to span the broad river with gossamer web. Yet an army might march across it, or the population of a small town might live upon it without fear of the yawning gulf below.

CHAPTER III.

SOME WESTERN TOWNS.

“WHEN I said I would die a bachelor I never thought I would live to be married,” says Benedick, when reminded of earlier perversity. When with equal confidence I wrote of New York as the most unpaved of civilized cities, I had not been to Chicago. In this respect the metropolis of the West certainly beats the chief town of the Republic. Here and there New York can show a street or portion of a street as bad as anything in Chicago. There is, for example, a thoroughfare leading out of Broadway in the direction of Nassau Street which will maintain the reputation of New York against the world. I forget the name of this Slough of Despond, but it is in the very centre of the busiest parts of the city, answering pretty much to our Old Jewry. Thousands of busy feet thread it in the course

of a day, and cabs lumber through it, jolting and splashing around the plentiful mud. In the country districts, where the roads are occasionally bad, though infinitely better than in the centre of civilization, they have a pretty expressive name for sudden abysses or unexpected upheavals. "Thank-'ee-marms," they call them, because people in cab or car passing over them involuntarily make obeisance as if acknowledging the receipt of a favour. New Yorkers do not hesitate to attribute the prevalence of "Thank-'ee-marms" in their principal roadways to corruption in municipal affairs. They pay rates for road-making and road-mending, they say, but the money melts away before it reaches the streets.

In Chicago the mayor is personally saddled with the responsibility of the shameful condition of the city, both in respect of its wrecked roadways and its general aspect of dirt. Every morning the local newspapers, with the iteration that seems to pass through parts of America as currency for humour, ask when the mayor will have the city cleaned. I believe that disregard of this commonest public convenience is innate in the American character. They are still a young people, pioneers in a new country, where the first thing a settler did was to clear a space, run up a shanty, and

let the road grow of itself. In towns farther West, like St. Louis and Kansas City, the principle can be more clearly seen in practice. Kansas City in particular, a rapidly growing town, apparently builds houses in such haste that it forgets the customary appanage of streets by which they may be approached.

In Chicago this peculiarity is the more striking by comparison with the palatial houses and shops that line the ditches along which the vehicles flounder, and through which men and women pick their perilous way. It is amongst the proudest records of Chicago that it was bodily raised several feet from a swamp. With the customary national neglect of the roads, these were not lifted to the full height of the general level. The consequence is that, except at crossings, where there is a kind of planking, it is necessary to take a leap off the pavement into the road. This is awkward for the pedestrian, but the advertiser sees his opportunity, and all along the edge of the pavement advertisements are pasted, and are very conveniently seen from the roadway.

Talking about advertisements, and the ingenious methods created for their display, I think the palm must be worn by the agent of a tobacco manufactory whom I saw at work in

Kansas City. He had with him a stock of green adhesive labels, enjoining the public to "Use Legacy's Tobacco." Observing a horse hitched to one of the rings which stud the pavements in Western cities, he stuck one of the labels on its haunch, carefully selecting the off side. Presently the owner, a portly, well-to-do citizen, came out of the store where he had been transacting business, and mounting his cob rode off, gratuitously and unconsciously advertising a tobacco brand.

Unless people have a fancy for seeing pigs killed, there is nothing in Chicago to keep a traveller familiar with Liverpool or Manchester. It is curious, when we come to think of it, that no one regards a visit to Chicago as completed till he has seen a pig killed and cut up. In itself the process is not attractive. It could be seen any day in London, if not in the scientific and wholesale manner practised in Chicago, at least complete enough for the pig. Yet I never heard of any one having an hour or two to spare in London who went to see a pig killed. Fortified by these reflections, I did not go ; but Lord Coleridge, making his famous semi-official tour through the States, did, and so do nine out of any ten visitors who pass through Chicago. It would be idle to attempt to disguise the growth of a

slight coolness between the Lord Chief Justice and his hospitable and enthusiastic hosts because, having seen a pig killed and dismembered, he would not "go the whole hog" and be present at the process of sausage-making.

Apart from its pig-sticking and packing regarded as a fine art, to be visited by the stranger as rare pictures and stately cathedrals are elsewhere sought out, Chicago is a place of which America may well be proud. It is a monument raised by human energy, skill, and pluck. Burned down to the ground in 1871, in 1873 it was rebuilt—a city ten times handsomer and more substantial than that out of whose ashes it was raised. At the time the building was going forward it was stated in a local journal that "beginning on April 15, 1872, and ending December 1, 1872, excluding Sundays, counting two hundred working days, and each day of eight hours, there will be completed one brick, stone, or iron building, twenty-five feet front and from four to six stories high, for each hour of that time."

The energy and dauntless enterprise which thus grappled with the great calamity of 1871 throbs through the city to-day in pursuit of the ordinary avocations of business. Chicago is one of the liveliest towns I have seen. In whatever part of the city one walks, he is

sure to be jostled by a crowd moving at high pressure. The city covers a wide area, but its business capacities are nearly doubled by the heights of its buildings. Nothing under six stories is to be seen even in what may be called its back streets, whilst seven or eight is the average in the main thoroughfare.

Chicago is the model to which all Western cities turn, with natural expectation of some time equalling or even rivalling its splendid growth.

“We reckon here that Kansas City will some day show Chicago the way,” a citizen of that thriving place said to me, as he sat on the pavement in his shirt sleeves and a chair, with his legs a considerable distance up the lamp-post.

Certainly the growth of Kansas City within the last few years makes this expectation a little less wild than it will appear in Chicago. It is estimated that during the last four years Kansas City has nearly doubled itself, and is still rapidly growing. St. Louis looks on with something of jealousy at the strides taken by its lusty younger brother, and some spiteful talking goes on between the newspapers of the rival towns. Just now St. Louis is sneering at the theatrical and dramatic taste of Kansas City, and recommends an opera com-

Pany playing there to meet the tastes of the community by interspersing a breakdown by Buffalo Bill between the acts of "Maritana." Where to Kansas journals vigorously respond by quoting well-authenticated instances where St. Louis having declared in favour of an operatic or dramatic company, the company has hopelessly failed elsewhere ; or where St. Louis having damned with faint praise, public opinion in more advanced cities has enthusiastically approved the efforts of players or singers.

Unlike Chicago, neither St. Louis nor Kansas City shows outward signs of the press of business. The gentlemen of Kansas City are much addicted to sitting in their shirt-sleeves on the shady side of the pavement, with a cigar in their mouths and their heels in the air. There is great competition for lamp-posts, eased off a little since the introduction of telegraphs, which are carried by posts along the footways of the main streets. But appetite grows with what it feeds upon, and the passion of Kansas men for getting their feet above the level of their heads is not slaked even by combination of telegraph-posts and lamp-posts. When not thus carrying on business on the pavement, the male inhabitants of Kansas City play billiards, or sustain their drooping energies by imbibing a whisky cocktail, or, to

use latest imagery, born with the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, "driving a golden spike." Work must be done here, or Kansas City, instead of forging ahead, would fall out of the race. Only it seems to be done by stealth, and with an ostentatious appearance of leading a lazy life.

The only earnest workers visible from a street survey are the newsboys, who rush about from morn till eve with ever fresh editions of the daily papers. Whilst New York journalism is suffering the shock of reduction in price, and from £250 a day downwards is being sacrificed by enterprising proprietors anxious, as the *Tribune* puts it, that their readers shall share in their prosperity, Kansas City goes on its way demanding and receiving twopence halfpenny for its morning sheets. Here, as throughout the States, there is notable the distinction, as against English custom, that every one buys his own paper. There is neither borrowing nor lending, and an hotel would as soon think of providing its customers with the free use of the latest three-volume novels as of furnishing a gratuitous supply of the morning papers for common reading.

To such extent is this care of the interests of newspaper proprietors carried, that in the

larger hotels, where there is a newspaper reading-room, there will be found no copies of the local journal. Guests cannot buy the Chicago papers, the Southern papers, the Canadian journals, or the spicy sheets from the Far West. Therefore the hotel will provide them. But guests can buy in the vestibule of the hotel the local papers at a cent advance on their published price, and if they want to read them they must buy them. Considering that twopence halfpenny is the regular price of a morning paper out of New York, it is astonishing to see how many people and what class of people buy their morning newspaper going into town, and supplement it with one or more evening papers on their way home.

St. Louis stands on the banks of the Mississippi, a muddy stream beside which the Thames off Westminster is a silver tide. There is no small-minded or ill-judged attempt on the part of the Mississippi to hide its real character. It is simply a solution of yellow mud, and it flows downward to the sea, rather proud of the fact than otherwise. People wash in Mississippi water and drink it after undergoing a process of filtering. But no filtering will take out the stain of mud, and it is appalling to think of the wholesale transactions in real property which daily go forward

in cities where the Mississippi furnishes the water supply.

One other thing the two eager young towns have in common is flies. In St. Louis it is said that "Kansas City has more flies than any town in the world." But Kansas City is not to be outdone in this unwonted burst of generosity, and magnanimously insists upon the pre-eminence of the more southern city. As a sojourner in both, I should say the matter was not worth quarrelling about. A fly more or less is of no consequence where they are counted by tens of thousands. In neither city have I sat down to meat with less than five hundred guests at a single table, two righteously paying their bills and 498 not only settling down without saying "by your leave," but insisting upon being the first to taste every dish that comes to the table.

The only means by which a fair share can be secured for the paying guests is for the waiter to stand and fan the dishes spread out on the table. This is rough on a plate of mutton chops or a cut of roast meat not very hot when it came to the table. But there are compensations even for this drawback. The coloured gentleman assigned for the duty of fanning starts off exceedingly well and plays havoc with the flies. Gradually the breeze

subsides; the flies return in increasing numbers; the white cloth darkens; bread and meat are rapidly disappearing. You look up to ascertain the cause of the cessation of the breeze, and, behold! the coloured gentleman, with eyes half-closed, is mechanically fanning himself. I observe that the proper thing to do in these circumstances is to thrust your elbow sharply into his ribs, when he wakes up and makes the flies believe the wind called Euroclydon has visited Kansas City. But even when you have learnt the knack of catching him in the right place it is evident that the flies get a fair share of what is going.

At St. Louis we had for companion at breakfast, in addition to the flies, a Roman Catholic priest travelling West on a distant mission. He told me a pitiable story of the sudden dashing of high hopes. He had been personally interested in the conversion of Sitting Bull, a sturdy old Indian chief whose name usually comes to the front in any negotiation between the American Government and the Indians, who still hang like a shadow on the western frontier. Sitting Bull had been brought to see the error of his ways, and after a long siege had capitulated to the good priest. His admission to the Church

was to have been made the occasion of a ceremony befitting so great a conquest. A day was named for the admission ; a bishop had undertaken to officiate ; the Indians themselves were looking forward to the certainty of a big show, and the possibility of a little fire-water, when the whole business was upset by an unexpected difficulty. Sitting Bull had at least two wives. The Church could recognize only one. The wily old Indian declared himself positively incapable of deciding which wife he should forsake, and after being pampered for three months, living on the fat of the land, he broke off the negotiations on this point, and retired to his wigwam. It was a terrible blow to our friend, a simple-hearted, honest enthusiast, who had prayed by night and worked by day to lay this precious offering in the bosom of Mother Church. He was too low-spirited to take note of things near at hand. So his waiter dozed and fanned himself, whilst the flies ate his breakfast.

As the thermometer is now only a trifle under 80° in the shade, Kansas men snuff scornfully at complaints of heat. I saw a youthful negro leaning against a row of molasses barrels eating a great slice of watermelon. The air around him was thick with wasps, buzzing and bustling, apparently

resenting this intrusion on their domain. Young Washington, however, paid no attention to the wasps, but went on crouching with white teeth into the rosy pulp, and looking as if he had discovered a new joy in having a few hundred wasps battling around his woolly head, what time he ate a melon. I had a great hankering for a water-melon, and asked him where he had bought it.

"Right thar," he answered shortly, waving his hands toward the swelling streets of Kansas City, with an indefiniteness convenient if it should turn out that he had stolen the fruit.

I went on a pilgrimage in search of a water-melon, and had great difficulty in finding it.

"I guess it's too cold for water-melons," one fruiterer said, with that downright sententious manner with which Americans casually met shut off efforts on the part of strangers to enter into conversation.

I had to go a long way before I found a water-melon. Then it was too big to carry back to the hotel, so I sat in the shop and fed bountifully upon a twentieth part of it, dispensing huge slices to the coloured population, who gathered round the spectacle. The water-melon cost fivepence, and was the only thing

not absolutely dear that I have purchased in the United States.

On sunny afternoons the rank, fashion, and beauty of Kansas City come out in gala attire. Rank and fashion of the male sex is a little monotonous in its dress, being, as already hinted, addicted to shirt-sleeves and feet up a telegraph-post. But female beauty, here as elsewhere, is not to be coerced into *déshabille* by any exigencies of weather. Between four and five in the afternoon is the fashionable hour for the Kansas belle to go shopping, or to take the air, and then, indeed, Main Street presents a dazzling kaleidoscope of beauty, ever shifting, but always rare. Some of the dress materials worn seem a little out of place at 80° in the shade. But then, passing visitors know nothing of the normal condition of Kansas City in summer time, with the thermometer at 140°. As it is "too cold for water-melons," it is not too warm for velvet and plush of cool refreshing purple or brilliant red. But white dresses are chiefly in vogue—not the simple white muslin frock which English girls too rarely wear, but a thick white material made heavier with embroideries and with ribbons and laces sewn on wherever, on completion of the costume, it had been found that a few square

inches of the material have inadvertently been left plain. The hat is usually of straw, almost absolutely flat, and secured on the top of the head by a combination of pins and ribbons. This flat shape is designed with the object of displaying the coiffure—a wonderful arrangement, whether regarded from the rear, where it bursts out in a series of unexpected and unaccountable knobs, or gazed upon from the front, where it is combed and trimmed over the brow in a kind of sublimated fringe.

The Kansas girl has heard that in Paris and London, which, owing to the accident of elder birth, are perhaps a little ahead in the matter of fashions, crinoline has partially resumed its empire. But if Paris and London have been first in the field, it does not follow that they shall keep their place when Kansas City enters into competition. A Kansas girl does not do things by halves. It is understood that in Europe crinoline is worn only at the back, a cage being, as it were, cut in two and attached. A Kansas belle takes a whole crinoline, hitches it on behind, and, serenely conscious of a fluttering at the hearts of eligible young men with their coats off and their feet up the lamp-post, sails slowly up and down Main Street till it is time to go in, take off the finery, and “fix up supper.”

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE AND DEATH IN THE FAR WEST.

THE boarding of a railway train at Coolidge, an attempted robbery, and an accomplished murder, have awakened the West out of a pleasing dream of security. These attacks upon railway trains are by no means of frequent occurrence, though when they happen they are talked of so much and for so long a time that they grow to be familiar. To stop and rob a train, is an exploit that obviously demands united force, well-ordered plans, and desperate courage. It is the Waterloo of the rowdy's campaign, which works its level way through the year by petty larceny, horse-stealing, gaming, and an occasional shooting. In 1874 the Union Pacific Road was the scene of the first of these outrages, when the train bound East was boarded by seven men, who got clear off with £2000. A few years later this same Santa Fé line, on which Coolidge

stands, was the scene of an attempted robbery by a famous gang which takes its name from its leader, "Big Mike Rourke;" and only last year, the anniversary within a day of the Coolidge affair, the Santa Fé train was captured by four men, who compelled the express man to open the safe, and robbed it of its contents, which did not happen to exceed £1000.

The fame of Jesse James's exploits filled England at the time that they aroused the United States. They were marked by an audacity, a resource, and a ruthless barbarity which placed their leader on a pedestal where even now he is regarded through the West with a kind of sorrowful admiration. Jesse James was hanged, and his body now rests in the little front garden before his mother's house. His brother is in jail, the gang is broken up, and people had grown into the belief that they might go about their business along the great high-roads to the West with the assurance that they were in a civilized and law-abiding country. Then comes this affair at Coolidge, and all is excitement and apprehension. It was curious to note on leaving Kansas City this morning (October 4, 1883), the tearful groups bidding farewell to friends going out West. It is a far journey, and the average of accidents on a run of 634

miles must be taken into account. But over and above this is the new terror of the night journey, and the possibility of being wakened up by pistol shots and ruffianly demands for your portable property.

The scene of the murderous outrage of Saturday was admirably chosen. Coolidge is a small village, a few miles distant from the border line of Colorado and Kansas. There is a roadside station with a telegraph office, and a shed that passes for a refreshment bar. The village itself consists chiefly of a drinking saloon and a gaming house, neither held in favour by the police. The train reached Coolidge about one in the morning, and made a brief stoppage. The conductor was about to start it when he noticed a man climbing up behind the express car. He thought it was a tramp engaged in the not unfrequent enterprise of securing a free ride. He called out to him to come off, but the fellow pressed forward and entered the express car. This was in charge of a man named Peterson, who is the hero of the day wherever the story has reached. Peterson was lying on his back upon some sacks, and was just dropping off to sleep when he was awakened by the conductor's challenge of the supposed tramp. He looked up and saw by the dim light of the

oil lamp a man standing by the open door. The stranger covered him with his pistol, and fired, the bullet passing close by his head and lodging in the floor of the van. Peterson dropped his hands as if he were mortally wounded, and the stranger, turning round, fired at the conductor, who was standing on the platform watching him. This shot also missed him. Peterson, before lying down, had placed his revolver by his side. When he dropped his hands he felt out cautiously with his right for the pistol, a double-action Colt. He touched the muzzle first, and, with his half-closed eyes fixed on the robber, he slowly moved his hand along till he got a firm hold of the butt and his finger on the trigger.

Meanwhile the robber, concluding that he had slain the express man, moved towards the rear of the van in search of anybody else that wanted killing. The baggage man had been seated by the doorway when the first shot was fired, but by this time he was comfortably located under the table in the refreshment shed. He has subsequently explained that not being armed, and feeling rather in the way when shots were flying round, he had concluded he would be better under the table. As the robber moved towards the rear of the van, Peterson, sitting up and covering him

with his revolver, fired. The robber, taken aback at this liveliness on the part of a corpse, returned the fire, but his pistol went off before he could cover his man. At this moment Peterson saw another man climbing in at one of the side doors, and, setting his back against the side of the car, prepared for the newcomer. But panic had already seized upon the robbers. The first one jumped out by the door through which the baggage man had already beat a strategic retreat. The second disappeared without firing, and, the van being now cleared, Peterson proceeded to barricade the doors in readiness for an expected siege.

The gang, which consisted of only three men, were divided, two being told off to seize the express van, and the other to secure control of the engine. Their plan was to get the train drawn out of the station, when they could proceed with their work at leisure, stopping the train when the booty was secured, and pulling up where they pleased. With pistol pointed at his head and with horrible oaths, they ordered the engineer to "pull out." The unfortunate man does not seem to have had time either to refuse or to obey. Turning sharp round on hearing this injunction, he was straightway shot dead. The

murderer, described as a very tall man about thirty years of age, immediately wheeled about and shot the fireman, who was in the act of jumping off the engine.

The whole thing took place within three minutes. But the two men routed in the express car were already in full flight, and there remained nothing for the desperado on the engine but to follow them. The passengers in the train were by this time aroused, and one or two had come out on the platform. But it was all over. The bandits had vanished in the darkness, and there remained to tell the story only the dead body of the engineer, the wounded fireman, the gallant Peterson barricaded in the express baggage car, and the judicious baggage man under the table in the dining shed.

Dick Liddil is inclined to sneer at the business, as the blundering work of amateurs. Dick is a bandit retired from business, who, with old age creeping over him, has taken to farming, the monotony of which he relieves by visiting Kansas City once a week for "a big drunk." He happened to be in the city on Saturday when the news came, and opportunity was gladly seized to consult so great an authority. If the fellows had known their business, Dick grunted, drowning a fly at five

paces with a squirt of tobacco juice, they would not have gone three on a job of that kind. Three men could not hold up and go through a long train, anyway. Two would be short hands enough to look after the engineer, the conductor, and express messenger, and that would only leave one to go through the train and chow down the passengers.

"It's bin a blarmed muddle all through," said Dick, with a far-away look in his eyes that spoke regretfully of a good chance missed while some people who would have brought it through were fooling their time away farming in Missouri.

This professional opinion as to the bungling tactics which resulted in failure, is pretty generally shared by the Western public, who, if this kind of thing must be done, like to see it carried through in workmanlike fashion. But it is obvious that failure resulted from an accidental circumstance which no foresight could have averted. Had the conductor not happened to have been walking past the express at the precise moment, the first robber would have got on unobserved, and would have had Peterson at his mercy. It was the conductor's rough hailing of the intruder that roused him, and it was the necessity for the simultaneously dealing with

Peterson and the conductor on his flank that shook the robber's aim. This first miscarriage led to everything that followed. The premature discharge of pistol shots before the tall man had mounted the engine and covered the engineer with his pistol, led to his mad firing just as the engineer, all unbidden, was about to do what the gang wanted, and "pull out." Once mastery obtained of the engine and the express waggon rifled, with Peterson either killed or cowed, the turn of the passengers would come, and a pretty haul would be made.

Dick Liddil was asked to consider these things, to which he grunted an incredulous "Maybe," but reiterated—

"It was a blarmed muddle, anyhow."

Whatever else remains in doubt, it is generally agreed that the murders were committed by cowboys. The cowboy is a person indigenous to the Western States, and except that sometimes he looks after cows, he has nothing in common with his English prototype. I read in a newspaper a special despatch from Salt Lake City so strangely touching that I cut it out. It runs thus:

"Sixteen shots were fired at a cowboy in the streets of Salt Lake last night, but he escaped. Not a man in the city will acknowledge the shooting."

The ingenuous mind instantly conjures up the moving scene. Here is a small boy in a smockfrock with his trousers generously turned up, and his hands in his pockets. Fresh from the arcadian simplicity of rustic labour, he enters the city, perhaps for the first time, and wonderingly looks around. A gang of loafers observe him, and, peradventure half drunk, begin to pot him. Sixteen shots are fired, and the terrified little fellow, running hither and thither wild with fear, somehow escapes.

That is the picture presented to the ingenuous mind on reading the newspaper despatch. I have seen the reality since, and heard a good deal of his habits and aptitudes. His age varies from sixteen to forty-five. He is invariably dressed in a white soft wideawake, grey or blue shirt, and rough woollen or canvas trousers, tied in over the ankle. He has a pistol pocket, and when out of the limits of towns where it is forbidden to carry arms ostentatiously displays it. His language is chiefly composed of an endless chain of oaths and imprecations. He does not mean to swear, and is not even aware that he is doing so. People in cities have in their dictatorial way laid down the rule that certain words and phrases shall be

called swearing, and their use must be avoided by all decent people. To the cowboy these interdicted words and phrases are ordinary parts of speech, like our adjectives and adverbs. It is the language he has been brought up in from early childhood, and human speech would be woefully barren if he were not allowed to introduce two oaths in every sentence.

This said in extenuation, it must be admitted that a cowboy's conversation is apt to shock the unaccustomed ear.

Of course there are cowboys and cowboys. All swear terribly, but some honestly and assiduously labour, whilst others, going altogether to the bad, hang on the skirts of society, rob, and, if need be, murder with no more compunction than they would lasso a straying ox. On the distant and lonely ranches where they have been brought up, human life is held as scarcely of more account than that of oxen. They instinctively regard a stranger as an enemy, and at sight of one their hand closes on their pistol and their finger feels for the trigger.

A story told me by the owner of one of the largest and wealthiest ranches of Texas illustrates with grim simplicity the rules of life by which the cowboy is guided. A little child

died on the ranche, and the mother desired with piteous entreaty that it should have Christian burial at the hands of the clergyman. The rancheman, though now one of the wealthiest men in Texas, was born and bred a cowboy. With another lad he had, at the age of twelve, gone into business on his own account, with a stock of a dozen cattle. He had never been to church, as, indeed, he had scarcely ever lived a day off the ranche. He had the vaguest idea of what a clergyman was or did. But he loved this woman very much, and, saddling his horse, he rode straight off fifty miles to the nearest hamlet, and brought back "a preaching man" almost literally at his saddle-bow.

The rancheman assembled all his cowboys to witness this strange ceremony. As they stood by the open grave the preaching man, whilst offering up prayer, knelt and closed his eyes. The rancheman was aghast. He had brought this man over, and felt personally answerable for his safety; and here he was on his knees with his eyes shut, and scarcely two paces off a score of the blackest rascals in Texas, not one of whom had ever been known to miss his aim! This kind of a target, he felt, would, with the best intentions, be irresistible, and as sure as the preaching

man knelt there he would be shot. Without loss of a moment's precious time the ranchman quietly placed himself behind the kneeling preacher, and whilst the unfamiliar prayer went up to heaven over the open grave of the child, he, with finger on the trigger of his pistol, covered the congregation, and at the first movement of a hand towards pistol-pocket would have shot the man as certainly and with as little sense of wrong-doing as if he were killing a wasp.

Whilst the cowboy, the Ishmael of the Western States, thus has his hand against everybody, everybody's hand is ready to be lifted against him, with or without occasion. A despatch published in Kansas City papers, dated Tuscon, Arizona, September 25, relates, much in the style of a market report, what befel a party of four cowboys.

"A sheriff's party of twenty-five men," says the report, "met a party of four cowboys and ordered them to throw up their hands. Kid Lewis, the leader of the cowboys, was in front and pulled his pistol, when the posse fired upon them. Lewis received several balls at the first fire, and was instantly killed. Frank Leonard was wounded, and crawled off into the hills. Nothing has since been seen of him, and he is believed by many to be

dead. McNamara and Vanil were unhurt, the latter riding away amid a volley of bullets."

It will be observed that no reference is made to any crimes the cowboys may have committed or been suspected of. They were simply a party of four cowboys. One was shot on the spot, one crawled off with two wounds, and the other two, like the charmed cowboy of Salt Lake City, rode off unhurt. It does not appear that any inquiry will follow, or that this active sheriff will be called upon to justify his exploit. The explanation, if called for, will doubtless be that he acted in self-defence. If he had not shot Kid Lewis, Kid Lewis would have shot him, and in a nicely balanced affair of that kind preference must of course be given to a representative of the law. Life west of Kansas City is literally the survival of the fittest—that is, of the man who can fire first.

Efforts are being made to put down this evil by passing laws prohibiting the carrying of weapons about the person. Last week a man in Kansas City, caught *flagrante delicto*, was fined twenty pounds. But this law, excellent in its purpose, is practically a dead letter. The only circumstances in which it operates is where a man is arrested for being drunk. He is then in a position to be legally

searched, and in nine cases out of ten he is found with a loaded weapon in his pistol-pocket. In this way the law works in the temperance cause, but only indirectly for the protection of life. The city editor of the evening journal in Kansas City is at the present moment serving a period of twenty-five years in the penitentiary for having shot his man. The incident has been the making of the newspaper, but it is awkward for the city editor. It is probable that he might have served his journal and preserved his liberty but for the accidental position in which the man stood when he was shot. The bullet entered his back, which prevented the prisoner from pleading that he had acted in self-defence.

There is a story told in Denver which illustrates the readiness with which this plea, generally irresistible with a Western jury, is urged when a man gets into difficulties. Three citizens of Denver were drinking in a little room off the bar. One of them suddenly fell dead from heart disease. The other two, conscious of a shady record, and certain that they would be accused of killing him, went into the bar, ordered some cigars, which they knew were kept in another part of the house, and whilst the barman was away, they carried the dead man in, put him on a chair, with

his head between his hands, as if he were sleeping off drink.

"He'll pay for the cigars," they said to the barman, and walked out.

The bartender waited a reasonable time, and then, going up to the supposed sleeper, shook him roughly and demanded payment. To his horror the man rolled off the chair, and then he saw he was dead. At this moment two fresh customers entered, and the barman recognizing his peril as the other two had done, said with an oath—

"I did it in self-defence."

That is a Denver story for which I do not vouch, though I do personally vouch for the literal truth of the story about the kneeling clergyman and his protector.

With one more story, also true, for it is written in the prosaic record of the police-court, I will conclude this budget of episodes in Western life. At Blue Rock Springs, Kentucky, three brothers named Rogers met to complete some formalities in the matter of their father's will. They were all men well to do in the world. Samuel was the president of a bank, William was a lawyer, and Thomas a farmer. As the business proceeded, Samuel, according to his own account, "thinking his brothers were about to draw their weapons," whipped

out his revolver, shot Thomas in the head and William in the stomach. William died at four o'clock on the next morning, Thomas lay for weeks at the gate of death, and brother Samuel, when I left the district, was in gaol. He had already put in his plea.

It was that he acted in self-defence.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

To persons who have heard of Denver as the head-quarters of a mixed population of miners and cowboys, the city itself is an agreeable surprise. Its most striking feature is its extreme respectability. Its streets being laid out in broad boulevards, flanked on either side by rows of trees, it is to some extent reminiscent of Wiesbaden or Baden-Baden. But these towns are associated with gambling, dancing, and other frivolities, and it is impossible to connect Denver with anything of the kind. Perhaps Leamington comes nearer to likeness with Denver than most towns, and it is not easy to overrate the respectability of Leamington. It is quite true that only three nights before our arrival a gentleman walking home through these broad and pleasant streets was, as the newspapers have it, "held up"—that is to say, he was knocked down. Strange

to say, at this critical moment a policeman happened to come in sight, whereupon the footpad fled. The policeman fortuitously had a loaded revolver in his pocket. This he drew and blazed away through five blocks, hitting nobody, not even the man who had been "held up." This, however, is a mere breaking out of the old Adam, and cannot be held seriously to vary the general tone of respectability that pervades the place.

There is nothing lacking to complete the handsomeness and desirability of Denver. The roads are broad and well made—terribly dusty when the wind blows, but that is not every day. The houses are substantially built and tastefully designed. From one of the mountain ranges that circle Denver with a band of purple and gold is quarried a rare and beautiful building stone, tinted with veins of pink on ground of grey. There is too much reason to fear that if New York had this stone it would, at considerable expense, have it worked so as to present a smooth surface to make it worthy of a place by "the brown stone fronts." Denver leaves the mark of the honest chisel upon its stonework, which is pleasant to look upon accordingly. Most of the principal buildings and residences are built with this stone, the rest being made with red

brick, of which there seems abundant supply somewhere in the neighbourhood.

There are trees everywhere, for the most part cooling their feet in the mountain streams that run down the side of the street. In early October the cotton trees were turning a beautiful yellow; not altogether, but here and there one stood out clothed in soft, transparent yellow. The trees do not wither away leaf by leaf, as in London parks, till nothing is left of what was once a tree but the blackened limbs and a few shrivelled leaves. Here the leaves hold on to the last, full of sap and colour, till the yellow dress is put on, and then, after a quieter phase of existence in these new robes, a snap of winter comes, and they fall in a day. But the day before death they were still beautiful.

Over Denver in these early October days is spread a sky of the clear blue, paling away to pearly grey on the horizon, that is seen in summer days in Switzerland. The air is singularly pure and bracing, blowing in from the north and east over the far-reaching prairie, and by the south and west from the Rocky Mountains, whose snow-clad peaks, standing beyond the purple band of the lower hills, catch the light of the rising sun long before he can be seen from the house-tops of Denver.

At a time within the memory of travellers to be met with on the railway to-day, the trains between Kansas City and Denver rarely completed their journey without having killed a buffalo. The herds crossing the track disdained to get out of the way of the strange monster, and it was so much the worse for the buffalo. But the buffalo, like the Indian, is a stranger now on the prairies that were once his home.

Like other towns out West, Denver has grown very rapidly, and is daily growing. New building is being pushed forward, more particularly by Capital Hill, where there are clusters of handsome residences. The city abounds in churches and chapels, the Baptists seeming to have obtained a firm footing in the place. One of the handsomest of the chapels is theirs. There are, however, some signs of the market being overstocked, one chapel bearing a placard announcing that it is "For rent."

Here, as in other American cities, one is struck by the frequency of ladies driving unattended. Sometimes alone, sometimes with a lady friend, they dash about, holding the reins at arm's length, one in either hand. They serve to make walking lively, for they habitually drive round corners at full speed, and with the evident conviction that the

other street is depopulated. There are more dogs in Denver than in New York and Chicago put together. Americans do not seem to have carried with them the old-country love for dogs. It is the rarest thing to see a dog in New York, and then they are exceedingly poor specimens. They are not particularly good in Denver, but there are more of them, and they fill a larger place in social esteem than in Eastern cities.

There is a fair sprinkling of Chinese in the city, and they have, as usual, appropriated the laundry business. Passing along a street I caught sight through an open window of a pretty domestic scene. Ly Chung, in spotless white linen trousers and jacket, was standing at one table pensively ironing a shirt; at another table stood Loo Chee goffering the frill of a petticoat, for which he would presently charge one and fourpence; whilst seated on a low stool in the rear of the laundry sat Ah Sin strumming on a three-stringed instrument a melody from fatherland.

The Chinese do not willingly confine their energies to washing linen. They jump at an opportunity of doing a little washing out in gold and silver mines. When Leadville was still in its infancy the Chinese picked up several good things, and did not loose their

hold till they had picked them clean. It is invigorating to hear a Leadville miner talking about the shameful audacity of the Chinese in presuming to labour in his fields. It is a wonder the Chinese are not oftener "held up;" but somehow they manage to glide along and make money.

Denver has one of the handsomest theatres I ever saw. We went to the play the night before leaving. It was a fearful infliction. The audience did not in any wise come up to the expectations of society in a comparatively new mining centre. They were well dressed and even painfully quiet. No English audience would have stood the inane ponderosity of the heavy father, the flatulent goody-goodiness of the young man who married the girl, or the pitiful posturing of the girl who married the young man. Once, when the angry father got his daughter down on her knees, and with his teeth set and eyes rolling, proceeded to manipulate the back of her neck as if he were inserting a gimlet, there was a titter from the gallery. But it was immediately suppressed, and the audience sat out the inanity with marvellous patience.

Lord Rosebery, who was one of them, explains this phenomena on the ground that Denver, conscious of a shady record in the

past, really likes to be bored in this way, under the impression that respectable people are always bored, and that, being bored, a Denver audience is respectable.

At Castle Rock, a roadside station half-way between Denver and Colorado Springs, our train was boarded by a comfortably stout gentleman in a serge suit, with a knitted woollen vest and a low-crowned felt hat. He might have passed without notice but for the circumstance that he carried in his hand a red brief bag unmistakably the property of a Q.C. Looking again, I recognized in the sun-browned stranger Mr. Charles Russell, who, with his red bag, made his way through the crowded car as if he were pushing through a blocked passage in the new Law Courts.

It is, in truth, somewhat difficult to recognize friends and acquaintances on these long journeys, where you get in at one station and don't get out till you have covered six hundred or a thousand miles, and dress for hard living. Coming from the Cave of the Winds at Niagara, I met a figure attired in the costume necessary for making the expedition behind the waterfall. A suit of yellow mackintosh is not usually seen at Westminster, still less a suit of which the jacket is made for one figure, the trousers for

another, and the head-piece for a third. When the figure addressed me by name the voice was familiar, and memory struggled to recall the portions of face visible. If Mr. Borlase could have delivered from its imprisonment beneath the yellow waterproof that silken beard so familiar in the House of Commons, flashing like the plume of Henry of Navarre in the van of battle when the Farmers' Union is attacked, I should have recognized him. But in this masquerade he might have lingered in Mr. Chaplin's company with impunity.

Mr. Charles Russell had been spending a couple of days on a ranche, riding coatless thirty miles a day over the prairie, which in these parts is more interminable than the Belt case. Since he landed at New York towards the end of August he has covered many thousand miles, travelling through Canada West to Portland with the Northern Pacific party, by sea to San Francisco, and now on the long railway journey to New York. He stayed at Colorado Springs for the train east (the same that was attacked at Coolidge), and in the afternoon we had a pleasant drive to Manitou and the Garden of the Gods. Manitou is nearly empty now, but a few guests still lingered in the little hotel

with the large verandah at the foot of Pike's Peak. The Garden of the Gods is not quite so big as its name would imply. But it is a pretty place, with curious blocks of red sandstone rising up in unexpected places. These take fantastic shapes, two resembling human heads, and one, it was agreed, being singularly like the massive front of Sir William Harcourt when seen in profile. Others looked like ruined castles, and one rises to a height of one hundred and twenty feet, whilst its base does not exceed ten feet, and from some points of view is considerably less.

Colorado Springs is apparently so called because it has no springs. There are several at Manitou, one producing a liquid that would pass excellently well for soda water. It is doubtless from proximity to these that the little town gets its name. It is a health resort of growing repute, especially in cases of affection of the lungs. There are sixteen doctors in the place, and, as far as I observed, only one undertaker. As elsewhere throughout Colorado the air is splendid, warm by day, cool at night, always dry and bracing. It is said that the only things that can't live here are mosquitoes.

"This is a very healthy town," I observed to one of the oldest inhabitants.

"I guess it's pretty wal," he replied. "When we built a schoolhouse we made a cemetery, but we had to shoot a man to start it."

The streets here are broader even than in Denver, and on the south and west the view down the long avenues is bounded by the same stupendous hills.

Railway travelling in the United States just now is hampered by a special difficulty. On the 1st of October it occasionally becomes clear that the summer is over and gone, and that the time for the lighting of stoves is come. They are lit accordingly, without strict regard to the temperature outside, and as there seems to be no borderland between having the pipes cold or nearly red-hot, the sensation on entering one of the cars from the fresh air is akin to what might be experienced on walking into an oven. But the Americans like it, especially the women, and attempts made by foreigners to avert asphyxia by opening the ventilators are undisguisedly frowned upon.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railway between Denver and Leadville goes through some of the finest scenery in the world. The public to-day have been educated to the belief that with the railway engineer nothing is impossible. Standing on the prairie at the

eastern foot of the Rocky Mountains, this faith is shaken, for it seems incredible that any train could either tunnel or scale these heights. As far as Salida, where a branch line goes off for Leadville, the Denver and Rio Grande Railway has found itself singularly favoured by fortune. Just beyond Cañon City the mighty mountains have by some slow process of nature been rent in twain. Through this aperture the river Arkansas flows, and where the river goes it was determined that the railway should run. The rocky walls of the riven mountains rise up to a sheer height of three thousand feet, and look down in silent amazement at the busy, smoky train passing through a solitude which for countless years was broken only by the voice of the turbulent river. For several miles there is just room enough for these two, the river and the railway, and at one point the way is so narrow that the railway is obliged to run over the river for a few yards.

At Cañon City an open car, provided with benches, is attached, and here those who can brave the hideous smoke sit and look upward at the wall of rock, which in some places seems toppling to a fall that would bury the railway train and dam up the river. It is a curious sensation to sit in this open car and watch

the train ahead making its snake-like progress. The curves are innumerable and perilously sharp. From time to time, whilst a portion of the middle of the train is hidden behind a curve, you can see the engine dashing ahead, apparently by itself. The line runs so near the jagged rock, that by reaching out you could tear your hand against it, and often it seems that this time the carriage really *is* about to take a header straight into the rock. But it is only turning another sharp corner, and does it with the assured safety which marks the whole of the journey along this wonderful line, leaving the average of accidents a trifle under that of other lines of similar extent.

Out of this chasm, justly known as the Grand Cañon, the train emerges upon a peaceful valley, where the sunlight breaks through on patches of vegetation, and where are railway stations comprised of two or three wooden huts which minister to the convenience of mysterious populations located in lateral valley or mining in the heart of the hills themselves. Then comes the steep ascent to Leadville, the latest and lustiest of American mining camps, where men live and labour all through the year in a town pitched two thousand feet above the range of everlasting snow.

CHAPTER VI.

A MINING CAMP IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

CONSIDERING its great height, being three thousand feet above the Alpine snow-line, Leadville has a wonderful climate. In the first week in October it was quite hot in the sun, though occasionally in passing corners one was reminded that there are snow-drifts on the encircling belt of hills. In summer it is sometimes even sultry, though the nights are always cool. The town, though it looks dingy and worn-out, is not more than five years old. It is partly built on California Gulch, a famous mining camp of twenty years ago. In 1859 California Gulch was first prospected, and one year the yield of gold was over £600,000 sterling. But it gradually fell away, till in 1866 the diggings did not pay the cost of working, and were abandoned. It was pretty bleak in California Gulch in winter time, and the gold-diggers, finding at hand

a thick consistent kind of mud, used to caulk their cabins with it. After the gold-diggers had gone, a pair of sharp eyes, looking upon this mud, recognized it as carbonate, worth £80 a ton. The tide of miners, which had ebbed with the failure of the gold, set in again with a great rush when this fresh find was made. The discovery of silver was followed by the certain prospect of rich yields of lead.

The miners in their spare time decided to found a town. A meeting was called, at which twenty men put in an appearance, and out of their number they selected a mayor. A lawyer who happened to be around was named recorder, and Leadville was formally added to the list of cities within the United States. To-day the city has a population varying from eighteen thousand to twenty-two thousand — more in winter and fewer in summer, when the miners go forth to prospect. In addition to mayor and recorder, there is now a city council, three daily papers (which give surprisingly little for twopence half-penny), three banks, two theatres, seven schools, and, as far as I was able to observe, one church. In respect of this last institution I was left very much to personal observation. Some of the citizens from whom I made inquiry doubted the existence of a church.

Others "guessed there was one round about." The schools are amongst the handsomest and most substantial buildings in the place. They are all free, though Leadville has not yet reached the length of compulsory attendance.

Leadville is in no sense a picturesque city, though its situation is unique, embowered as it is amid the loftiest heights of the Rocky Mountains. Being so near the mountains have little of grandeur. The Rockies want distance to make them beautiful. Seen near at hand, they are bare brown rocks, seared and fissured, with a few stunted fir trees growing here and there in sheltered places. Just now the summits are sprinkled with snow, and close at hand are hills whose tops are covered with perpetual snow; but nowhere in the Rocky Mountains is there visible the deep white snow that may be seen in Switzerland at altitudes two or three thousand feet less. Leadville has that striking feature of untidiness common to most American towns—some not having the excuse of recent birth. The streets are never swept, nor the side walks cleaned, whilst the main thoroughfares are only a trifle better than the streets of Chicago.

Outside of Harrison Avenue the houses are mostly wood, some the true log-house. They stand apart like toy houses. It is marvellous

how some of the giants who work in the mines and lounge about the streets can insert themselves. Being once in, it would appear an easy matter to thrust their feet through the flooring, get a good grip of the back kitchen-door and the front parlour fireplace, and walk off with the structure, as Samson carried off the gates of Gaza.

One of the houses, twelve feet long by ten square, had pasted over the front door a placard which obscured a fifth of the surface, announcing that it was a "Private Boarding House." The daily habit of working in confined spaces in the mine would probably enable a couple of men to adapt themselves to the conveniences of the establishment, but it would be hard work. On the bleak hill-side leading up to Chrysolite Mine several of these wooden boxes are scattered about among the burned stumps of trees and the *débris* of preserved-meat cans.

It is not an easy matter to see the mines. There is a good deal of jealousy and suspicion abroad, and as there are varying reports of the prosperity of mines it is deemed advisable to keep strangers out, lest peradventure a spy might be entertained unawares. A private introduction secured for us a hearty welcome at the Chrysolite Mine, and the fullest

opportunity of inspecting it. But a silver mine does not lend itself to usages of description. It is chiefly dark and frequently wet. The roadways are narrow and heavily timbered, with the object of supporting the roof. Descending by the cage in pitch darkness, we are on reaching the bottom presented with a candle each, wherewith to explore the recesses of the mine. But the darkness is so thick that a candle or even five candles are of little account in picking your way along an alley where there is sometimes a plank to walk on, and sometimes a stream of water to wade through. The roadways through this mine form an aggregate of seven or eight miles in length. There is no trolley as in English coal mines, but the men know short cuts, which lead them to their work without undue loss of time.

Holding the candles against the rock, the metal can be seen to sparkle ; but where the miners have dug out the ore and it is being conveyed in carts to the smelters it is difficult to believe that the yellow or brown earth contains silver or lead. The men work singly or in couples, grubbing away at the dark hard walls by the light of a single candle. The carpenters tread closely on the heels of the miners, shoring up the openings as fast as

they are made. Chambers out of which ore has been dug rise up one over the other, in some places reaching eight stories. Each is shored up by stout pillars roughly sawn from trees. Sometimes the supports break asunder like a match with the weight of the superincumbent rock, when new ones are promptly inserted and catastrophe averted. This is only in cases where the mine is being worked. In an abandoned mine when the supports give way the mine falls in. Close by the Chrysolite, an old working has thus tumbled in just under the road along which waggons travel from the Chrysolite Mine to the smelting works. The road is now closed, and a wooden cross warns chance passers-by of "danger."

The miners are, take them altogether, the finest men I ever saw. Six feet is a fair average of height, and some run to 6 feet 4 inches. They are good-looking to boot, many of them handsome. To look at them one would suppose that mining was the healthiest occupation open to man. They have a frank bearing and manner of speech that astonishes the stranger. Every one is called by his Christian name, not excepting the members of the firm.

"Good morning, Ned," said our guide to one of the miners.

"Morning, Frank," responded the miner, looking up for a moment to greet his employer, and then going on with his work.

There was nothing rude or even brusque in this. It simply meant that in a mining camp one man is as good as another as long as he is able to put in a good day's work. It is the merest accident that makes one man employer and another a wage-taker. If Ned had been around before Frank he would probably have bought up the lease of the Chrysolite, and the position of the two men would have been reversed. As it is, they live together in perfect friendliness, taking a shot at one another upon provocation, it is true, but in the meanwhile working in hearty good-fellowship.

There are times when the Leadville miner is not seen to such advantage as when he stands, pick or drill in hand, putting all his soul into the effort to dig out ore. Leadville has a Continental reputation for being a wicked place, and it is understood that the orgies of the miner are too awful to be contemplated. I had the opportunity of going to see the miner at his worst, and found it run largely to dullness. The first place visited is known as the Carbonate Beer Hall. This is in Stade Street, admitted to be the bad street of Lead-

ville. It turns out of Harrison Avenue, the Bond Street, Pall Mall, and Regent Street of the city. On entering the beer hall the visitor is faced by a placard entreating him to "patronize the bar." An admission fee of one shilling to the body of the hall, and two shillings to the boxes, is nominally fixed, but not strictly enforced. It is from the profits on the sale of liquor that the establishment is maintained, and when it is mentioned that a bottle of beer is charged at the rate of four and twopence, and a thimbleful of bad whisky a shilling, it will be understood that this source of revenue does not fail.

Inside were gathered about forty men, taking their pleasure with infinite sadness. One or two had abandoned the struggle against the weariness of it, and, laying their heads on the table, soundly slept. The hall was furnished with beer-stained tables and dirty chairs. A gallery ran round the upper part, empty save so far as the soles of a pair of boots seen over the front of one of the boxes indicated the presence of a gentleman. On the stage were two men in tights, forlornly dancing to funereal music provided by an orchestra consisting of a violin and a piano. When the dance had dropped to a conclusion, the dancers ducked their heads and retired,

immediately coming forward again, bowing as if they had been recalled by an enthusiastic audience, and recommencing in obedience to an imaginary encore. As a matter of fact, there had not been a sound or gesture of applause. The profound sorrow that brooded over the audience was too heavy to be thus uplifted.

The only busy people in the place were the wife of the pianist, who sat by him industriously sewing, and the women who sold drink. These latter are called beer-juggers, and fill a large place in the evening life of the miner. They work on commission, receiving fivepence for every jug of beer sold at a dollar. They have tickets, which the bar-tender punches upon each transaction, and at the close of the evening a cash settlement is made. It is obviously to their interest to make the miners drink, and to that end they indulge in blandishments, which relieve by a single touch of vice the level dulness of the night's entertainment. One of the beer-juggers, taking note of the pair of soles displayed from the box, went upstairs, and confirmed the suspicion that there was more in them than met the eye by rousing up a gigantesque miner and inducing him to purchase a bottle of beer.

The Zoo, a somewhat similar establishment, of higher pretensions, placards its

portico with the injunction "For Wine, Women, and Fun, walk straight ahead." Admission here is two shillings, and is more strictly enforced. Perceiving opportunities for business a beer-jugger showed us into a private box. We ordered a bottle of beer, which she brought with three glasses, and, uninvited, poured a glass out for herself and drank it, whilst lamenting the slackness of the times. One substantial reason why the fun here and elsewhere so grievously flagged was that pay-day was approaching. The miners are paid only once a month, and at this epoch a dollar for a bottle of beer, though served with a leer from a repulsive creature in woman's dress, was a little dear. At the end of a month a miner finds himself in possession of from £25 to £30, and, as a corollary, has what he calls "a blow-out." These are the halcyon days of the beer-jugger. There are not infrequent occasions when a miner is cleared out in a single night, and starts on the morning after pay-day with only a single dollar out of the hundred he had earned.

The performance at the Zoo was varied. There was a domestic drama, in which a nigger servant and a baby played the principal rôles; then appeared a nigger who danced and

sang, and who, till a rollicking Irishman with a shillelagh followed, seemed the most soul-depressing creature that ever strutted the stage. The boxes at the Zoo were fairly filled, a moiety of the occupants being harlots, painted, noisy, and in all ways loveless. These women have their claim upon the consideration of the citizens, since they contribute largely to the relief of the rates. They are required to pay a pound a month for their licence, and for the ingathering of this revenue there is a municipally appointed collector. Should the five dollars in any case be lacking, the corporation suddenly and sternly awake to the sin of the thing, and the woman is cast into prison. If the five dollars be forthcoming all is well.

It should be said that the corporation of Leadville are as inflexible with wrongdoers within their own ranks as with those outside. A short time ago an alderman, having a difference of opinion with a local editor, settled the controversy by knocking him down and kicking him. The corporation, taking note of this irregularity, have forbidden the alderman to take part in their proceedings for one calendar month.

Over the stage-box at the Zoo is printed an injunction to "Step in and see Pap Wyman

on your way home." We did so, and found Pap beaming over much business. He is one of the oldest residents in Leadville, and started the first regular gambling-house. He is now getting up in years, and has developed some eccentricities. At the little counter where he dispenses drinks is a box, in which is placed a Bible, so that a gentleman in the interval of playing euchre, or whilst refreshing himself with a cocktail, may read a verse or two. Over the clock face is written "Please don't swear;" and under strong provocation Pap has been known to enforce this request with a round oath. Though these little matters may seem to indicate what Leadville would call old-fashioned notions, Pap is well abreast of the times. He has fitted up machinery by which the saloon is illuminated by the electric light, and in other ways keeps his eye open to the attractions of his place.

Pap's tables were all going, and so were the four at the Texas House. Two of the tables are for faro, one for draw poker, and the fourth for a game called stud-house poker, an improvement in speculative range on the older game which has recently made great headway in Leadville. The faro tables were most patronized. The banker sits in the middle, under the fierce light of two huge gas-burners.

On his right, in a high armchair sits a man who in the interests of the proprietor keeps his eye on the game and sees that all bets lost to the bank are paid. In the contrary case it is reckoned that the players may be trusted to see justice done.

I visited several gambling dens, and found prevailing everywhere the same quiet, bordering upon dull melancholy. The proprietors of the gambling dens, like the lessees of the drinking and dancing saloons, were pining for pay-day. I made the acquaintance of one gambler, who, as far as personal appearance and history went, comes nearer to the realization of Mr. John Oakhurst than seemed possible. Born of a well-known Massachusetts family he had been a gambler, miner, billiard-marker, and some other things not so reputable. Having won and lost several fortunes at cards, he had arrived at the conclusion that the chances are greatly in favour of the bank. He had accordingly, very early after Pap Wyman began to flourish at the corner shop, set up in business for himself, and has so greatly prospered that he is now building a new saloon, paved, as he mentioned with pardonable pride, with Minton's tiles, directly imported. A tall, handsome, dark-eyed, light-hearted man, I suspect he would not hesitate

either to shoot or cheat an acquaintance if direct advantage were to be obtained. But, if physiognomy is not wholly deceitful, he looks like a man who would stand by a friend, and be kind to women and children. In these respects, and with the advantage of gentle birth and early education, he is a fair type of the drinking, gambling, shooting, and hard-working men of Leadville.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CITY OF THE SAINTS.

THE traveller entering Salt Lake City by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway has a very charming introduction. The beauty of this wonderful line has faded amid the sandy plains that lie between the Green River and Grassy Trail. Then in the early morning the train glides into Utah Valley, with its comfortable little homesteads, tree-embowered and surrounded by grass plots, which excite the marvel and envy of dwellers in the middle States, who all agree that it is more like Connecticut or Massachusetts than anything they are immediately acquainted with. Children throng about the train with baskets of apples, pears, and grapes, which they offer for sale on the principle of a Dutch auction, the price coming down very low indeed as the train begins to move away. We pass through this valley, with its blue lake on one side, and

on the other a range of hills deepening from grey to purple, with streaks of blood-red shrubs growing in the fissures, making the hills look as if they had been cut open and the wound left bleeding. Next comes a little pass in the hills, and the train is running along the Salt Lake Valley, to the left the lake, a streak of blue on the horizon, and to the right, shining in the early morning sun, the City of the Saints.

It is enough to make good Americans envious of a people whom they on other grounds strongly dislike to find them located in this pleasant fruitful valley. A nearer acquaintance with the city is not calculated to lessen this feeling. Land was cheap when Brigham Young, a later Moses, led the tribes out of the wilderness. With all his special gifts of prophecy, the successor of Joseph Smith could not foresee what the new city would grow to. But he wisely determined that it should have a fair start, and began by laying out the streets at a width of 128 feet. By these, ever extending till the city now covers an area of nine square miles, were built business places and residences to suit the needs of the growing population. The houses round the outskirts are very prettily built—most frequently of one story, with verandahs and gardens. The city is laid out in squares

of ten acres, each subdivided into lots of one and a quarter acre. There are abundant trees growing boldly in the middle of the broad sidewalks, and mountain streams gaily race down by the roadway. These are not trickling streams, but veritable brooks, crossed by gangways. Throughout the Territory land sells at six and sixpence an acre. Within the city boundaries it must be pretty dear, for Zion is not only beautiful to look upon, but profitable to peddle in, and the saints are, above all things, shrewd men of business.

We had the good fortune to arrive at Salt Lake City on conference day. These conferences are held twice a year, and are attended by delegates from all the outlying tributaries of the Mormon metropolis. Here was a rare opportunity of seeing, not only the city people, but the provincials, otherwise to be obtained only by extended travel. The broad streets were full of them—men, women, and children, standing about, staring into the shop windows, or gossiping with old friends and new acquaintances. Bringing no prejudices to the consideration of this interesting settlement, I can honestly say that I never saw in a crowd of ten thousand people so many dull-looking, unintelligent men and women. The latter were atrociously dressed; but it is questionable

whether any master of the art could have greatly improved their appearance. It was suggested to the profane mind that women so unattractive, having failed to secure monopoly of a husband, had, with the patient resignation of their sex, finally contented themselves with a share.

The peculiarity of personal appearance was marked by a little incident of street travel. Standing in Tribune Avenue, a stream of people suddenly issued from a large building, and made their way through the throng already gathered on the side-walks. It was borne in upon me that it would be necessary to modify the note already taken—that after long and careful survey of a Mormon crowd, whether in the streets or the Tabernacle, there was not only not a pretty face among the women, but not one otherwise than actually plain. Of this new tributary to the crowd out of every twenty women there were at least half a dozen pretty faces. They were better dressed and altogether different in manner, laughing and chatting, and looking generally as if they were glad to be alive. Speaking of this to a resident in the Avenue, he solved the mystery. This was a Gentile crowd coming out of a Gentile theatre, where they had been enjoying a morning performance.

Outsiders, like myself, hastily assume that the Mormon City is a city of Mormons. This is a mistake. Out of an estimated population of twenty-seven thousand, one-fifth are Gentiles, and their number is increasing at least *pari passu* with that of the saints. The Gentiles cannot turn the Mormons out of the valley which they have made a blooming paradise; but neither can they themselves be kept out, though their incursion and increase are looked upon with jealousy and dislike by the Mormon leaders. It was not altogether unconnected with this matter that Brigham Young had the revelation unfavourable to mining as an occupation. To encourage mining would be to open the door to an influx of Gentiles, a thing by all means to be avoided. But the Gentiles, not being hampered by belief in the Divine origin of this revelation, and there being much ore in the neighbourhood, have proceeded to work it, and find Salt Lake City convenient headquarters. The only thing that can be done in the circumstances is to stand as far apart as possible, and contiguity of neighbourhood has not lessened the ill-will that has always existed between Mormons and law-abiding Americans.

The Tabernacle stands in the centre of the

city, broad streets radiating from it to the four points of the compass. It is a curious structure, the like of which was never seen on sea or land, a circumstance explained by the fact that its architectural points were also a Divine revelation to Brigham Young. It has a dome-like roof, covered with grey wooden tiles. The roof, which is oval in shape, 250 feet long, and 150 feet wide, hangs low on forty-six stone piers, the interspaces being filled up with doors and windows. The whole affair is strikingly like a prodigious tortoise that has lost its way, and is thinking which turn it shall take. This is the summer meeting-house of the Mormons, and has neither means of lighting nor of giving heat. Close at hand is the winter church, more ordinary looking, as being the work of a human architect. On the other side of the Tabernacle, making with it and the church three sides of an irregular square, the Temple is slowly rising. This is a more pretentious building than either of the others. Over two millions of dollars have already been spent upon it, and it is still far from complete, though President Taylor expects it will be finished in the course of two years.

Gentiles are permitted to enter the Tabernacle and attend the services, in the hope that

some seed falling by the wayside may bear precious fruit. The Temple will be kept sacred from all pollution. Only members of the Church will pass its portals, and here will be carried on those special ministrations directed in "The Book of Doctrine and Covenants," written by the inspired pen of Joseph Smith. The interior of the Tabernacle is plainly furnished with benches; a broad gallery runs round it, and at one end is a raised platform, flanked on either side by galleries chiefly occupied by the choir. Here also is the organ, which in size is equalled only by two others throughout the States—one in Boston and the other in Plymouth Church. It was, an apostle told me, built on the premises to avoid catastrophe in the way of finding it impossible otherwise to get it within the walls. The roof is hung with garlands of evergreens. These did not form part of the original revelation. It was a happy thought inspired by the occurrence of a Sunday-school festival. The decoration so greatly improved the appearance of the vast bare hall, that the garlands have been left there, though they are old and withered now.

Long before two o'clock, the hour named for the afternoon conference, a stream of human population converged upon the Taber-

nacle, entering by its many doors, and speedily flooding the place. When President Taylor took his seat there was not a bench anywhere vacant. A considerable majority of the congregation were women, plain-looking, hard-working, care-worn creatures, evidently glad of the little excitement brought into their dull lives by this festival. Next to the women, perhaps running them pretty close in the matter of numbers, were the children. There was no mistaking their presence. Long before the organ sounded or the choir rose to sing the babies began, squall answering to squall throughout the vast edifice. Occasionally one choked with howling, and after being vainly beaten on the back and shaken up, was carried out. But two or three were nothing in such a multitude, bawling and squealing, and the crowing went on without distinguishable decrease in volume.

The proceedings were opened by prayer offered by a rugged-looking elder, who stood by the rostrum with horny hands rigidly uplifted. President Taylor occupied a seat in the back row of benches in the gallery immediately behind the rostrum. Beside him sat his two counsellors. In the row immediately before him were the Twelve Apostles. Before these were ranged a body of the Bishops—not

all, for there is a Bishop for every ward, and Salt Lake City alone has twenty-one wards.

Prayer over, the organ sounded forth, proving to be as beautiful in tone as it was big in size; the choir sang excellently, and then Wilfrid Woodruff appeared at the desk, declaring that he could not let the occasion pass without saying a few words. The words turned out to be many, but their purport lay in narrow compass.

"We," he said in effect, "dwelling in this city of the New Jerusalem, are the chosen people, the sons of God. We go our way, living temperately, chastely, and righteously. The world hates us with a bitter hatred, missing no opportunity of striking a blow at us. But what matter? It has ever been thus. The hatred of the world has always pursued the children of God, and it will be so till the end, when our glory and our triumph will come."

This Mr. Woodruff said over and over again in varying phrase, not one of which was successful in eliciting from the audience a movement or sign of sympathy. It would be difficult to imagine anything more commonplace, bald, and ineffective than this address, harping on the one string which subsequent speakers touched, to bring out precisely the

same tune. Eloquence certainly is not one of the gifts by exercise of which the Mormon leaders hold the people in sway. There were many other addresses delivered at the so-called Conference, at which all the talk was done by the hierarchy. None rose above the level of Mr. Woodruff's address, and it would not have been easy to fall below it.

I particularize this speech because Mr. Woodruff is a notable man. As President of the Twelve Apostles he is the natural successor of Mr. Taylor in the presidency, and in his hands will rest the principal guidance of the destinies of the people. Nominally the election of a new President rests with the people, in whose hands lie all appointments to office; but when a new President is elected only one name is submitted—that of the President of the Twelve Apostles. The people may vote “no” if they please to assume an attitude of open revolt to their spiritual pastors and masters. As a matter of fact they never do, and when President Taylor dies President Woodruff will reign in his stead, carrying forward in regular course the decline in personal ability which has marked new Presidents, since it became necessary to elect a successor to Brigham Young.

Mr. Taylor is a man of great shrewdness

and sagacity, who would have stood higher in the public estimation if he had not had the misfortune to succeed a consummate statesman like Brigham Young. Born in Westmoreland, of German family, he came out to the States forty years ago, and was one of those who marched under the leadership of Brigham Young across the great plains into the Valley of the Salt Lake. He has travelled widely, taking something more than his share of missionary work, labouring in England, France, and all over the United States. Travel has increased his knowledge, widened his sympathies, and made him what is known as a man of the world.

That Mr. Woodruff lacks some of the qualities essential to the making of a statesman would appear from the fact that he is now bent upon reviving and carrying into daily usage certain superadded principles of the Mormon religion of which Brigham Young judiciously fought shy, and is in this respect imitated by President Taylor. When Joseph Smith was growing old, with digestion weakened and spirits lowered, he had a revelation of the pernicious effects of hot drinks, tobacco, and malt liquor. This, it will be perceived, is a sweeping prohibition, for hot drinks include tea, coffee, and chocolate, beverages with which

total abstainers compensate themselves. To enforce obedience to these precepts would be to imperil the newly founded kingdom. Brigham Young always spoke respectfully of "The Words of Wisdom," as this particular revelation is called, but did not have them written on the posts of his door or embroidered on the hem of his garment. Neither does President Taylor, wise in his generation. But Mr. Woodruff rigidly carries into practice all the instructions to be found in this revelation, which would be no particular matter, only he is insistent that others should do the same under pain of being denounced as failing in their duty to God. In his address on Conference Day he dragged in this topic, and gave a sly hit at one of the sons of the late Prophet, who, he said, failed in one respect. Whether it is his whisky cocktail, his cigar, or his hot cup of tea that Mr. Young finds too precious for sacrifice was not particularized.

When Mr. Woodruff had made an end of speaking, Mr. Q. Cannon came forward. This gentleman formerly represented the Territory in the Congress at Washington, but was not returned at the last election. He is an energetic, ambitious man, understood to be not quite sound on the principle that the President of the Apostles is the natural

successor of the President of the Church. Mr. Cannon's duty on this occasion was limited to reading out the list of missionaries called to go forth and spread among the Gentiles the Gospel of Joseph Smith. This part of the proceedings was summed up in the Gentile local paper the following day, by the statement that "eighty-one Mormon tramps are to be let loose next week on the United States and Europe." But a great fact is not to be ignored by a flippant adversary, and it struck me that this brief announcement formed the most striking part of the proceedings.

The men who were thus nominated to go forth to the ends of the earth and labour among hostile populations were of various ages and occupying diverse positions. There were old and young, married and single, but all sharing in common the necessity of earning their living. If the command laid upon them had also involved the appropriation of a more or less snug salary, with expenses paid, it might in some cases have assumed a different aspect. But when men in the Mormon camp are suddenly called upon to leave father and mother, wife and children, business and home, they not only go forth without any provision in the way of monthly

or yearly pay, but they pay their own passage-money to the scene of their labours, and there live as they can.

Of course, they may decline to go, and there are no means of active compulsion; but probably a man who had been ordered to pack off at a week's notice, and who pleaded business or family ties, would have a bad time of it among the faithful. President Taylor told me excuses are very rarely offered, and only in extremest cases. The most common response to the command is an assurance that the newly nominated missionary will be ready to start within a week, or sooner if it be desired. Most Churches have missionaries, but I do not know any Church that exclusively has missionaries on these terms; and one that can command a constant supply will always be a power in the world.

When Mr. Cannon had fired off his list, the congregation were asked whether they approved it, and whether they would sustain those going forth by faith and prayer. Those who were in the affirmative were asked to hold up their right hand, at which invitation about a third of those present held up their hand. When the question was put in a contrary sense there were no supporters. So the missionaries were unanimously, if not enthusias-

tically, nominated. A similarly listless ceremony was gone through when, in accordance with custom at these half-yearly conferences, the whole of the officers, from the President downwards, had their names submitted for confirmation in office. This is purely a matter of form, designed with the object of tickling the popular palate with the notion, that though the President, Apostles, and Bishops sit in high places, they do so only at the royal pleasure of the populace; but it is plain to see that this formula contains the seeds of a possible revolution. Nothing has hitherto happened to lead the people seriously to exercise their rights. A name or names have been submitted to them, and having no alternative, they have languidly approved. But crises in the history of a nation silently grow, and one may have birth which will see the Tabernacle filled with a crowd terribly in earnest.

Just before the proceedings commenced the President, advancing to the desk, firmly proclaimed that silence must be kept.

"If," he declared with all the weight of apostolic authority, "any of the babies cannot be kept quiet, they must be carried out."

Hereupon there arose a wail of defiance from the assembled infants in arms, before which the President assumed his seat. It was

all very well to say the babies must be carried out—but where to begin? To make a whole-sale raid upon them would have had as much appreciable effect as attempting to empty the Serpentine with a bucket. Accordingly, in spite of the high authority invoked, the babies, with the exception of the few prematurely choked, remained and wailed, their united voices frequently drowning that of the President of the Apostles, and throughout the whole of his address and of others that followed prevented people beyond the middle of the hall hearing a single consecutive sentence.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MORMON PRESIDENT AT HOME.

MR. JOHN TAYLOR, President of the Mormon Church and State, lives in a fine house within a few minutes' walk of the Tabernacle. Brigham Young first selected this spot as a residence, living in earlier years in the Lion House immediately opposite. This house is so called because it has a plaster cast of a lion over the porch. It is a very inadequate lion in point of size; but it is big enough to give the house a name, just as the cast of a bee-hive on the next door serves to name it. Both these houses are occupied by the family of the late Prophet. A much larger and showier house over the way, in which President Taylor lives, is popularly known as the Amelia Palace, the current impression being that it was specially built for Brigham Young's favourite wife. This is, however, a story resolutely denied by high authorities, it

being plainly contrary to the spirit of Mormonism that one wife should be exalted above the rest. The Amelia theory is quietly ignored, and the house that has come to be recognized as the official residence of the President is, or should be, known as Garda House. It is a building of somewhat florid style, but is roomy and convenient. The drawing-room where the President courteously received me is a large double room facing the road. It had not about it the knickknacks and careful colouring of an English drawing-room, but it looked very comfortable with a large coal fire burning in an open grate. There were one or two oil paintings on the wall. Faust talking to Marguerite was the somewhat striking subject of one which held the principal place.

The President is about seventy years of age, but his tall, powerful figure shows little sign of advancing years. His hair, snow white, sets off a strong, kindly, and still ruddy face. Like all the officers of the Church, the President has earned his living by the sweat of his brow. Since he was elected to the Presidency he has, of course, given up his farm, a fixed salary being attached to his office. The tendency to pay officers of the Church appears to increase as the revenues

grow fatter. The Bishops, formerly voluntary workers, now, I understand, receive a small pecuniary acknowledgment of their labours. The revenues of the Church and State are drawn upon very simple principles. The system of tithes has answered all financial purposes in Utah. It is a kind of income tax at the unvarying rate of two shillings in the pound. Practically it comes to much more than that, since a tithe is taken not on the net income but on the gross produce. This seems a little heavy, and a remark dropped by one of the Apostles at the Conference hinted that tithes were not coming in so readily as they should. Mr. Taylor, however, assures me there is no difficulty in the matter. The tax is not compulsory. No process would issue if it were not forthcoming; but I suspect that, as in the case of the missionary who might turn a deaf ear to the call to foreign parts, things would be made uncommonly hot for the defaulter.

The President furnished me with some interesting statistics of the present strength of the Mormon settlement. It consists of 1 president, 11 apostles, 58 patriarchs, 3885 seventies, 3153 high priests, 11,794 elders, 1498 bishops, and 4409 deacons. As there are only 23,190 families, it will be seen that

there is about one and a fifth of this agglomeration of dignities to each family. The total number of members is 127,294. There are, I was not surprised to hear, not less than 37,754 children under eight years of age, of whom 2335 have been born within the last six months. During the same period there have been 339 marriages; 2350 new members have been admitted within six months, whilst 850 have passed away, showing a decided increase in the strength of the Church. Of these absentees 85 have been excommunicated, generally, as I hear from another and Gentile source, after they have voluntarily withdrawn from membership.

On the subject of marriages, the President spoke strongly and without reserve. He never used the word "polygamy" except with the rider, "as the world calls it." Mr. Woodruff, in his address to the Conference, also declining to use the obnoxious word, described the practice as the patriarchal order of marriage. The President insisted that it was "the order of celestial marriage." He anxiously explained that, whilst the world made marriages for time, the Mormons married for eternity.

"You marry," he said, "for better or for worse, till death do you part. Our marriages, made on earth, continue in heaven, and man

and wife shall live together hereafter as they are joined now.”

It did not seem to occur to him that this was not a prospect that would recommend itself in all households; but I did not open that view of the question.

It is the practice of polygamy which makes Mormonism especially obnoxious in the eyes of the world, and it is on this that the Government of the United States has joined issue with the settlers. An Act has been passed declaring that all who lived or have lived in marital relation with more than one person, shall forfeit electoral rights. The Act was so worded as to strike at both sexes, the intention being to disfranchise Mormons and get the whole machinery of office in the Territory in the hands of the small minority of the Gentiles. After this, Mormonism might be harried out of Utah as it was thirty-seven years ago hounded out of Illinois. For the better carrying out of the purpose, commissioners appointed under the Act were sent down to Utah, and prescribed an oath to be administered to all Mormons before they are allowed to vote, requiring them to swear that they were not polygamists. This had the effect of keeping away thousands from the poll; but that had no serious bearing upon the result, since

at the last election all the Mormon candidates were carried at the head of the poll by the vote of the one-wived saints.

It is to a continuation of this condition of affairs that President Taylor looks to enable him to baffle the efforts of the United States Legislature.

"If the worst comes to the worst," he said, "we shall be able to carry on. Our population is yearly increasing, and we can always keep a sufficient number qualified by the United States law—should it be established as law—to carry everything. But we don't mean to let matters slide as far as that without a good fight."

At the present time there are several cases pending in the Courts by which it has been determined to test the legality of the action of the United States.

"Their Edmonds Act," the President said, "is *ex post facto*, and I do not know any civilized country where laws are deliberately so made. The United States say that every one who has entered into marital relations with more than one person shall be disfranchised. Very well; that is a good or a bad law, but in any case it can touch only cases which arise after it has become law. Here there are tens of thousands of men who

entered into the state of celestial marriage years before this Act was passed. You can't go back on them and find them guilty of doing what was not declared illegal at the time of the Act. The Commissioners have gone even further. They have imposed an oath as a preliminary to a man or woman voting. But it is against the Constitution of the United States to impose a test oath in respect of the exercise of the franchise. Thus you have the Commissioners performing an illegal act under an unconstitutional law. That's a double plea we shall submit, if necessary, to the Supreme Court of the United States."

The President spoke with great bitterness of the allegation that the people of the United States were chiefly influenced in this crusade by love of morality. Morality, he urged at some length, was best conserved by the peculiar institution of Mormonism.

"But look how this test oath works in the cause of morality," he said. "There is in this city a gentleman of prominent position and blameless life who at one time, though now a widower, lived in a state of celestial marriage. His son was appointed registrar of the district, and when this Act was passed he informed his father that he could not conscientiously enter his name on the register.

The very same day a married man living in open adultery applied for registration, and no objection was taken. He, you see, was not living 'in marital relation' with more than one woman. The United States, whilst striking at our marriages, carefully leave scatheless the man who keeps a mistress. About the same time a notorious woman at the head of her bagnio applied to be registered, and, this moral law placing no bar in the way, it was done. So much for the morality side of the question."

The President talks with quiet assurance of the future of Mormonism. The Church is increasing in numbers and the State in wealth. There is this cloud which rises over the United States and is even now bigger than a man's hand.

"But," the President says, "we have always had trouble with the world, and things are not nearly so bad now as they were when the blood of Joseph Smith cried freshly from the ground, and we, driven out by Christians, went forth beyond the bounds of civilization to found a home and a nation. When I used to go out as a missionary and, tramping through some remote, unfriendly country, did not know where I should get a crust of bread for my supper or a covered corner in

which to lay my head, I used to pray to God, and I always had enough to eat. That is what we do now in this time of trial. The world is against us, but we trust in God."

"And keep our powder dry," I said, thinking of the skill with which the weak points in the armour of the United States Legislature had been picked out for attack.

"Yes; that is God's will," the President answered, in the grave, quiet tones he had spoken throughout. "We shall do our best, and never give up the fight as long as a man remains among us. But it will all be His direction, and with the consciousness that we are pleasing Him."

I have throughout given the President's views in his own words; but no description could convey a just idea of the quiet assurance and tone of simple confidence with which they were spoken. This Westmoreland yeoman evidently has faith of a kind that removes mountains; and as it is in measure shared by all his people, the final struggle with Mormonism, upon which the United States are bent, is likely to prove a tough one.

CHAPTER IX.

BY THE GOLDEN GATE.

GRAPES at fivepence a pound are an early and satisfactory indication that we have left the bare brown Sierras behind us, and have reached a valley land flowing with milk and honey. Honey is mentioned here only because it belongs to the quotation. I suppose it is made somewhere in the States, but I have not met with it on any table, nor anywhere seen a beehive. But milk is abundant, and of a quality unknown in London. At the roadside station where grapes at fivepence a pound were dispensed by a benevolent negro wearing a snowy-white apron, milk stood in jugs on a table in company with most excellent custard and apple-tarts, large, flat, and round. The milk having been standing half an hour there was an inch of thick cream at the top, and what followed did not seem to have suffered from this concentration. Five-

pence a glass was the price of the milk, but that had evidently less reference to its intrinsic value than to the habitude in this neighbourhood of regarding ten cents as the lowest denomination of coin in which it is possible to deal. Everything cost ten cents—the grapes by the pound, the custard and apple-pie by the slice, and the milk by the glass. In England fivepence for a glass of milk taken in a country place might be regarded as dear; but in a lordly California it was really a condescension on the part of the benevolent negro and his family to take so small a coin. Two days later in San Francisco one and eightpence was demanded and promptly paid for two glasses of thin milk and two half-rolls of plain bread.

In truth, the United States is the dearest country in the world to travel in. I have made a careful computation, and find that a dollar, nominally valued at four shillings, will buy of the necessities and luxuries of life exactly as much as a shilling will in England. Money is easily made here, wages are high, profits are large, and the country is full of men grown suddenly rich. A dollar here or there is a matter not worth the expenditure of time for its consideration.

It is a broad, significant fact that a five-cent piece, value twopence-halfpenny, is

practically the lowest coin current in the States, and that it will sometimes buy for you what a penny would bring in a more effete country. There are, of course, cents; but except to buy stamps, and in New York an evening paper, you might as well be without them. Where the currency practically begins in everyday life is with the quarter, value one shilling. With these liberally dispensed on the slightest provocation one can get along comfortably through the little needs and services of the day.

Last night, strolling about the town, I stopped to hear a street hawker, who with leathern lungs and considerable humour was disposing of his wares. He was selling a parcel of plated jewellery and a pack of cards, the price being half a dollar. During the time I stood by he found at least twenty customers. No hawker in his senses would get up in the streets of London, or any other large English town, and attempt to sell things which he valued at two shillings. Sixpence would be a pretty high figure for such an audience as he would gather, and a penny a still more popular sum. Yet here in this Californian crowd two shillings were handed up almost as rapidly as he could pocket them. This is all very well for the Californians, but

for slow-witted Englishmen a too rapid succession of experiences is apt to stun.

An English gentleman in the city took his wife for a walk in the Chinese quarter. In a neat little *café* the lady drank a cup of tea, for which one dollar was demanded. After this the gentleman thought he would have his hair cut. On returning to his hotel he sent for the barber, who cut his hair, shaved, shampooed him, and charged him two dollars and a half! It is true that in this case the gentleman was what the late Mr. G. P. R. James was wont to call "a belted earl." But making due allowance for that fact, ten and sixpence for cutting and shaving seems dear.

San Francisco has sown its wild oats of '49, and is now one of the most staid cities in the States. The newspapers are quite tame as compared with the smaller sheets published east. For days, and even weeks, there has been no shooting, nor even any "holding up." On the day of my arrival I had what promised to be an opportunity of being present at a shooting match, a domestic institution which had hitherto eluded personal observation. Like Mr. Charles Russell, who in his journeying over the States has been "just outside" of four railway accidents, I have been just too soon or too late for shootings, whether retail in

drinking saloons or wholesale in railway cars boarded in the dead of the night. Here was a chance not to be missed. The two men, standing in the crowded streets, glared into each other's eyes like wild beasts. They cursed and swore, and threatened, and then, just where the pistols should have come in, one doubled his fist, and in commonplace English fashion knocked the other down. That was scarcely worth travelling six thousand miles to see, and must have spoken sadly to some veterans of the deterioration of the famous old mining camp.

The star of mining empire has moved north and east. Montana and Colorado now take the place that California once held in the mining world. There are still rich mines in the State, though their names are not known in the English market.

"When we get a find," a Californian said to me with engaging frankness, "I guess we keep it and work it ourselves. The good-looking Bogus mine does just as well for export."

On one of the spurs of the Sierra Nevada above Sacramento gold mining of curious fashion is visibly in progress. The rocks are not worth approaching in regular mining fashion. There is gold in them, but it must

be got cheaply to pay. So the miners convoy the mountain streams, condense their force into hoses, and bringing these to bear on the mountain-sides, literally wash away the rock. You can see it as you pass on the railway, grey or rich red, according to the formation of the stone, but everywhere with a curiously pained surprised air, as of an old gentleman who has had his wig suddenly and unaccountably snatched off, disclosing bare places. Of course the aspect of the country is ruined wherever it has been played upon by this titanic hose. Worse still, from a practical point of view, the *débris* washing down is filling up the Sacramento river, and making the people of Sacramento exceeding wild.

“What business have you up there?” they angrily ask the miners.

“What are you doing down there?” the miners carelessly reply.

The question of right has been referred to a court of law, and a very knotty question it will prove for the judges.

The old miners of '49, who wore flannel shirts, boots innocent of blacking, and pistols always loaded, have departed from San Francisco as completely as the Dutch have died out from New York. But their successors

are as ready, as capable, and as enterprising. There are some giants of finance and engineering who dwell in palaces at San Francisco, all self-made men, and in the first generation honestly proud of this distinction. The coming generation, born into their inheritance, are steadily and determinately striding into other grooves, wherein their sons and daughters will carelessly slide, kid-gloved, with dresses from Paris, coats and boots from England, and with some secret scorn for the rough-handed, hard-headed men who founded their fortunes, and for the stout dames their grandmothers, who took in washing.

If there were an American Mr. Smiles, he would find in San Francisco stirring material for fresh volumes illustrative of self-help. The history of the making of the Central Pacific Railroad has yet to be told. It would be difficult to find a story fuller of pluck and skill, of successful battling with apparently insuperable obstacles, human and divine. The career of Mr. Crocker supplies a narrative which is the story of half a dozen of the richest men in California. He began life (and to his great honour is not chary of the reminiscence) as a labourer in a mine, marrying in his own station of life. When opportunity came he seized it by the hair

with both hands, and beginning to prosper in small ways, went on to greater deeds till to-day he is a tenfold millionaire, ranking high even in the scale of California. Working in conjunction with four or five men of his own standing, they control all the public works and possibilities of making money in the State. They build railways, found steamship lines, work mines, own banks, and monopolize financial transactions in which they add to their millions, whilst the public is more or less well satisfied with its bargain. If they chose to fight each other there would be a struggle worthy of the gods, and the public would benefit. They know better than that. They join their forces and "pool their earnings."

The English reader of American newspapers will constantly find references to some man or some combination obtaining a "control" of a railway system, a bank, or some commercial undertaking or public concern. The millionaires of San Francisco, working amicably in the task of milking of the common cow, have obtained the "control" of everything within reach in the State. People grumble; but what can they do? The combination is perfectly legal, though it has some awkward resemblance to a knock-out at an auction. It is open for an outsider

to bid, and the highest bidder buys. But it would be hard to compete with a millionaire. It is hopeless to cope with half a dozen making common cause and opening a common purse. They are not only rich, but they retain the sagacity and the boldness that made them rich, and, their purse apart, they would be tough customers to deal with. Their latest feat in a local way dealt with the street tramways that are the wonder and the pride of San Francisco. Watching their time, they swept down on the Market Street route. They bought it up with a cheque for 1,800,000 dollars. Now they have floated on a trustful public bonds for 3,000,000, showing on this single transaction a profit of 1,200,000 dollars.

The system of street tramways in vogue here seems to me to solve the question of motive power for this kind of traction. Recent experiments with a view to introduce the cable cars in the Highgate Road have made Hallidie's system, partially at least, known in London. San Francisco is its birthplace, and here it is working with the greatest ease and the fullest measure of public benefit. The suburbs of San Francisco stretch themselves over steep hills which it would seem were inaccessible by ordinary

modes of locomotion. But land grew increasingly dear in the neighbourhood of the city. These hills once clambered are salubrious and afford splendid views. They were accordingly built upon, and men and horses laboriously crawled up the heights. Necessity here proved the mother of invention, and as there was in existence no convenient way of getting up these terrible stairs the cable street tram had its birth.

There is something eerie at first sight of these heavily laden cars running up a grade of one in five at the rate of seven miles an hour, and without any visible means of propulsion. There is neither smoke of engine nor clatter of horse-hoof on the highway. At a central spot the steam-engine hauls on the endless cable. The cable itself is buried underneath the track along which the trams pass, and only careful inspection can guess at any means of communication between it and the car. As far as the public, who pay their twopence-halfpenny for a ride, are concerned, there is nothing but a comfortably seated car, moving smoothly along iron rails faster than a hansom cab, which can be pulled up to a dead stop in half the space of time required by an ordinary tram, and which will go up hill or down dale with equal facility. The

original cost of the machinery is considerable, but it is also the last, there being no charges for horse renewals and very few for road maintenance. I was told that the cable cars here earn a ten per cent. dividend, and judiciously pay eight.

Whilst with the advance of civilization and the effacement of the rough pioneers by the new generation who ape the manners of London society, many of the former characteristics of San Francisco have disappeared, the city retains a notable one in the matter of earthquakes. Having peacefully gone to bed at midnight, we were awakened an hour later by an unmistakable shaking of the gigantic structure known as the Palace Hotel. The building rocked in a painfully distinct manner, as if the god Thor, walking past to take his early bath in the Pacific, had placed his hand on the cornice of the roof and playfully shaken the house. There are various estimates of the duration of the shock. To my mind the impression conveyed was that it lasted whilst you could count ten, and that it ceased as suddenly and as absolutely as it had commenced. There was a distinct movement outward of the building, a fierce rattling of the windows, a rushing noise in the air; then the house settled back, the rattling ceased,

the stillness of the night resumed its sway, and everything was as if the earthquake had not been.

One other strange matter was the unhesitating certainty with which strangers wholly unfamiliar with the phenomenon knew what it was. You may take your first terrapin without knowledge or suspicion that you have entered upon a new and distinct phase of gastronomy. But there's no mistaking your first earthquake, it being one of the few matters in which knowledge comes without experience.

Society in San Francisco, as far as I was privileged to mix in it, is of a hearty, hospitable order, the older, simpler habits of the pioneers leavening the affectations of the younger branches of the family who, after the discovery of the Bonanza or other big boom, went off to visit London and the city they call Parss. I noted the disappearance of those titles which formerly indicated the yearning of the Republican mind for social distinction. In all San Francisco I did not meet a single judge, and only one colonel. This was a bullet-headed young man with a moustache inadequate for military training, who was noteworthy in other ways as a type of the new social birth now in steady progress

in San Francisco. The "Colonel" is a well-meaning, smart young fellow, with a keen eye to business, ludicrous only in the thirst for some means of presenting himself to the public other than as plain Mr., who goes down to an office, sits on a stool, and looks after railways, mines, and common workaday things of that kind. It would be hard to give up this occupation, since it brings in dollars by the thousand, and sometimes by the half-million. But out of office hours it would be nice to wear tight trousers and a coat of military cut, and to strut about as nearly as possible in the style of the officers up on the Reservation. So one morning, by some mysterious birth-process, "Colonel" — was introduced to San Francisco, which receives him with good-natured laughter and kindest forbearance of the little foible. As wealth grows, this type flourishes, and thus an aristocracy grows up out of the rank luxury made possible by the labour and inspiration of the men who came here any time during the last thirty-five years with all their worldly goods in their wallet.

As yet no great harm is done. San Francisco is still too practical and too busy money-making to be seriously influenced by the "colonel" type. It is too busy even to drive

with great regularity through the park out to the beach, or round through the Military Reservation; which is a pity, for there are few cities, whether in the Old World or the New, that have a fairer possession. The Reservation is an enclosed track of ground open to the public, and much frequented, since the roads are in excellent condition and skilfully graded. When we drove through, a gang of military prisoners were at work, surrounded by a cordon of watchful sentries, musket on shoulder. The officers' quarters are very prettily situated, forming rows of rustic cottages, with bright flower-gardens and trimly kept lawns of freshest green. These oases of green lawn are very striking. At this season of the year trees and vegetation alike are at their utmost gasp for existence. It is months since rain fell, and what were green fields in the spring are now bare patches of brown earth, with here and there hapless tufts of hay showing themselves. It is hard to believe, looking down a far-reaching stretch of brown scorched earth, that in the spring this is a bank bright with lupin and other wild flowers. But such is the case, and so will it be again when the rain comes.

In the officers' quarters, and by all the magnificent houses on Nob's Hill and in Van

Ness Avenue, the lawns are kept ever green by a pretty and useful device which, though not unknown, is not common in England. This is a movable fountain, consisting of an upright iron pipe, fed by an india-rubber hose. At the top there is a horizontal arrangement of small pipes, perforated after the manner of a rose in a water-can. These revolve with the force of the water projected through them, and diffuse a fine soft shower of rain. When one section of the lawn is sufficiently watered, the fountain is moved to another—it can be lifted with one hand—so the rain is always falling and the grass ever blooming.

The park was originally a waste of sandhills. Outside it the sandhills reassert their supremacy, and lead down to the sea by rich masses of yellows and brown. It is a favourite expedition, both for strangers and citizens, to drive out to Cliff Home and watch the seals playing on the rocks. They are always there, floundering up or slipping off with a plunge into the cool depths, and incessantly grunting. There is one *habitué* of vast proportions in whom popular fancy traces resemblance to General Butler. As we sat and watched, a fisherman's boat slowly paddled past the cluster of brown rocks, and with excited cries the seals slid off into the sea. It was pretty

to see old Ben Butler slightly turning his stupendous carcase so as to bring his weather-eye to bear upon the cause of the disturbance. When he saw what it was he gave a little grunt, settled himself in a more comfortable position, and lazily watched the flutter among the younger members of the community. Beyond the grunt, Ben offered no remark audible on shore. But when he resettled himself others, preparing to move, resumed their places, and some of those excitedly swimming round the edge of the rocks returned reassured. It was evident that on the rock in the far West, as in Massachusetts in the far East, there was a general impression that Ben Butler might be safely trusted to look after himself.

All day whilst the sun shines the seals play here. To the north stands Tamalpais, with wreath and white mist at its feet, and its head clothed in purple and golden brown, reaching far up in the blue sky. By here stands the Golden Gate, and beyond it the Pacific, breaking in white surf on the shore to the southward, and to the westward nothing between us and Asia but a wilderness of blue water.

CHAPTER X.

THE LABOUR QUESTION.

THE question of labour, always a pressing one in the United States, is just now accentuated in California and the bordering States which have been accustomed to look for service to the Chinese. For twenty-five years the Chinese have flooded California, and have been principal and indispensable factors in its rapid prosperity. Without the Chinese, California would be ten years behind the stage it has now reached. These smug-faced, pig-tailed immigrants have built the railways, made the roads, laboured in the mines, nursed the babies, and washed the clothes for California. It is in the character of washerman that the Chinaman is most familiar to cursory information in England. But there is nothing he cannot do. His faculty and facility for labour are immeasurable, and whatever he

does he accomplishes with the thoroughness that comes of patient industry.

It is not difficult to understand how the presence of such a class should be distasteful to the Western working man. Even if the competition were on even terms, it would be hard to fight against this dexterous industrious class. But the Chinaman has an enormous advantage over the ordinary labourer, whether of English, Irish, German, or American birth. The Western man must have his three stout meals a day, with corresponding proportion of drink. The Chinaman can live on food the cost of which is almost literally infinitesimal. A bowl of rice, a square inch or two of dried fish, with, on the birthday of Confucius or some other gala day, a sausage fearfully and wonderfully made, suffice to meet his needs in the way of solid food; whilst a bowl of the water in which the rice has been boiled, or a pannikin of tea, taken without sugar or milk, comes up to his notion of what is necessary in the way of liquor. The ultimate basis of the rate of wages is the expenditure at which a man can support life. With a Chinaman this is a sliding scale reducible almost to the vanishing point. If the Western workman can live upon a dollar a day the Chinaman will manage on fifty cents. If in hard times

the Western workman drops down to three shillings, the Chinaman grows fat on eighteen-pence, and as he can flourish on sixpence a day it is evident the Western workman has no chance in the competition.

This is a condition of affairs which has for twenty years agitated California. It always came up at election times, and the Western working man, the small shopkeepers who live by him, and whatever class could be influenced by him and them, sank all political questions in this social one, marching together under a banner on which was written "The Chinaman must go." There came a time when some shrewd politicians, seeing their opportunity, presented themselves as leaders of this noisy crusade, and a Bill was triumphantly carried through Congress closing the Golden Gate against the Chinaman. In a Republic whose watchword is liberty and equality a law was passed declaring that for ten years no Chinaman should enter the United States. This was little more than a year ago, and already the shoe is beginning to pinch. The import of Chinamen was not so overwhelming as would appear upon the face of it. There were always two streams flowing, one inward and the other outward. The Chinaman had no abiding city in California. It

was a kind of El Dorado, where wages at the rate of thirty dollars a month were to be picked up, with incredible margin for savings. When these accumulated to the extent of from three hundred to five hundred dollars, the wanderer's heart, untrammelled, fondly turned to home, and the Chinaman went back.

This is a process still going on, but with an important variation of conditions. The drain of homeward-bound Chinamen continues, and there are none coming in. The Californians are big men, and can do great things; but they cannot successfully war against the principles of political economy. Having stopped the supply, the natural growth of demand increases, and the consequence is that the Chinese remaining in California are becoming masters of the situation. There was always employment and to spare whilst the labour market was constantly supplied by fresh drafts from Hong Kong. Still, if a Chinaman was not found suitable, or if he demanded too high wages, there were others to be had. Now there are not, and the situation is every month growing more strained. The fortunate Chinamen who found themselves in California at the time the prohibition of immigration was decreed are fully alive to the personal advan-

tages secured for them. They are raising their demand for wages, and are forming amongst themselves an association akin to the English trades unions, through which by the agency of strikes they can absolutely control the labour market.

It is clear that employers of labour of all grades, from those who engage one or two domestic servants to the firms who have thousands of men on their wage list, will be heavily taxed. But there is something even worse behind, and that is the absolute impossibility of getting labour at any price. The Central Pacific Railway, to mention one illustration which has come under my personal observation, are extending their system northward to Oregon. When this was projected they naturally looked to the Chinese for the services already performed in the matter of their main line. In the meantime this notable piece of legislation is accomplished, and the prospect before the company is dismally blank.

"We want labour," one of the directors said to me in despairing tones, "and it's not here."

Thirty dollars a month and board is the ordinary rate of wages paid for railway work. That was pretty well, seeing that a man might save nearly every penny. But in vain is it

now cried aloud in the market-place, and since the works must be completed, no one can say to what lengths the organized demand of the shrewd Chinese may not go. Here is a copy, in all except the large type and the notes of admiration, of a supplicatory appeal spread broadcast through Denver at the time I was there. I took it off a bundle tied to a street lamp-post:—

“Wanted, five hundred labourers for the Denver and Southern Pacific Railroad at Leadville. Wages, two dollars twenty-five cents a day; board, five dollars a week. Nice new camp, good places to sleep, and good board. The contractors are one of the oldest and best firms in the country, and their camps are first-class in every particular. Pay cash; no discount on time checks. Free transportation to the work. Be at the Union Dépôt baggage-room with your blankets at seven this evening.”

It has come to this already, that 9s. a day is offered to railway navvies, with liberal arrangements for boarding them at the rate of about 2s. 10d. a day. But the bait drew only a few score men, and is hanging out again in Denver and other approaches to Leadville. Whilst the Exclusion Bill was being forced through Congress its supporters urged that if

only the Chinese were dispossessed, then the honest down-trodden Western workman would lift up his head, justice would be done, and all would be well. But the European workman has never in the past been numerically equal to the needs of the robust and lusty West, and he will not be so in any visible future. It is the Chinese who have made California, as the insignificant insect builds up the coral reef, and it is as if the future growth and advance of the structure had been sagaciously promoted by stamping out the insects.

"You've heard of the man who cut off his nose to spite his face?" asked the despairing director of the Central Pacific. "Well, I guess he lives in California."

Labour was dear enough throughout the States before prices in the West received this extraordinary impetus. The English employer would be aghast at the wages paid for all kinds of labour, skilled or otherwise. To mention the class which will appeal to the widest range of sympathies, what does the English matron think of paying fourteen shillings a week for a so-called housemaid, and sixteen shillings for a self-styled cook, admittedly "plain"? Forty pounds a year is by no means extravagant for a good cook, and is not infrequently paid in London. But there are cooks and

cooks, and the average kind who here draw this sum in ordinary households in New York and Boston is generally the Irishwoman who in English towns would go as sole servant in small households at wages averaging from £12 to £16 a year.

Of the general character of domestic servants, better known as "helps" in this country, some idea will be gathered from mention of the fact, possibly by no means uncommon, that a lady friend in San Francisco told me she had had eighteen servants in a month. One other straw which shows the way the wind blow, is indicated in the advertisements of servants out of situations. The servant question is sore enough with us ; but at least a cook or housemaid advertising for a place will condescend to call upon the employer. Here, when Mary Anne advertises for a place, she invariably closes her announcement with the curt injunction, "Call at Blank Street, between such and such hours." There, seated in her room, at the hour most convenient to herself, Mary Anne will look at her proposed mistress, and sometimes, if in the humour, will engage herself.

I have been much struck in travelling about to find electro-plated knives provided for cutting—or, to be more exact, for tearing—

meat at meals. The reason when discovered is very simple. Steel knives want constant and laborious cleaning on the board, or with a machine, and the help declines to clean them, just as she imperatively refuses to polish boots. Electro-plated knives are a little disappointing with a beefsteak or a chop; but they are easily cleaned, and so we have them.

The question of "Sunday out," discussed on pretty equal terms in England, is settled on simple principles by the American help. He or she goes out when he or she pleases, and sometimes does not come back. The other night a stranger called upon one of the magnates of Menlo Park with a letter of introduction. Dinner was just over, but the hospitable Californian insisted upon having a meal served for the new-comer. Presently a hitch arose. The butler, who had been around a few minutes before, had disappeared, and nothing was heard of him till the next day, when he sent for his clothes. He was a man of orderly habits, accustomed and willing to attend at one dinner per evening; but when it came to two, the second suddenly sprung upon him, he felt he could not sanction by his presence so gross an outrage upon principle. So he put on his hat, drew on his gloves, and went his way.

Looking down the column of a daily paper where "Female Help" is "Wanted," I find two waitresses wanted for a country hotel, one at £60 and the other at £72 a year; two Protestant chambermaids for a first-class private family, wages offered, £60 a year; a French or Scandinavian cook, £84; a general servant, £72. German cooks are worth £72; French nurses, £60; whilst a firm advertises boldly for a hundred general servants, offering wages from £60 to £72 a year. These figures speak more eloquently than a chapter of explanation. They show that the domestic servant here has the whip-hand, and the Chinese Exclusion Act has added another thong to the whip.

One class of employers upon whom the labour famine tells with fatal results is the proprietor, large or small, of vineyards and fruit farms. These last are a marvel to the Englishman accustomed to the orchards of Herefordshire, Devonshire, or the gardens of Kent. Just before reaching Oakland, on the way to San Francisco, the train passes a fruit farm which seems miles in length, and is certainly many acres. Though the scale is gigantic, everything is as trim as an English orchard. The trees are all planted in far-reaching avenues, and the grass is kept closely

cropped. This farm grows peaches by the million, and there comes a time when the fruit must be gathered or spoiled. It is the same in the vineyards, and between the two there springs up in the autumn an urgent cry for labour which has hitherto been pretty fairly met by the Chinese.

Now this source of supply is cut off, and the proprietors are in despair. Many of them, taking a look ahead, are already disposing of their property. They know that the tendency of things is to grow worse rather than better, and they are clearing out whilst there is yet a market for what has hitherto been amongst the best-paying property in the State. Some autumn, perhaps next year, there will be a great crop of fruit and no one to gather it, which will mean ruin for the proprietors.

It would be a fatal mistake for the British workman to suppose that these high wages mean the full measure of competence that appears on the face of them. As far as domestic servants are concerned they are discounted only by the enhanced price of clothing; but for the ordinary working man who has to keep himself and his family the difference between his lot and that of his English brother who earns fewer shillings a week is not great. Everything is dearer—house rent, clothing,

and most of the necessities of life. It is said that food is cheaper than in England, and it is difficult to imagine how meat and flour can cost as much to the American working man when America is one of the great sources of supply for Great Britain. Doubtless in some of the Central and Western States meat is bought cheaper for the household than in rural districts in England; but, taking New York as the largest centre of population, and comparing it with London, Liverpool, Manchester, and other hives of working-man life, it is not so.

I had the opportunity of making inquiries of the managers of two large households, one in Brooklyn and the other in New Jersey, and found the prices of butcher's meat almost identical with those paid in a London household. In New Jersey mutton was a little cheaper, but by way of compensation vegetables were considerably dearer. For example, a cauliflower which would cost sixpence in London was not to be purchased in Brooklyn under a shilling. The reason for this in this particular neighbourhood was the same that prevails all over the States. Labour is dear, and as it costs nearly twice as much to grow a cauliflower in the neighbourhood of New Jersey as it does in the market gardens

round London, cauliflowers are doubled in price.

Here we get into the vicious circle through which domestic life moves in the United States. Labour is dear because the labourer when he takes his money to market finds that a shilling will not buy more than eightpence, or in some transactions sixpence, will in Free Trade England. The articles that labour produces are dear because the labourer must have the difference made up to him in cash. It is like taking money out of one pocket and putting it in the other, reversing the unprofitable process and pursuing it indefinitely. The only class who make a clear gain are the manufacturers, and they grumble because they have to pay the higher wages created by the artificial restraint of Protection.

The great school of Free Trade in the United States is the Custom House at New York. If it were possible for the whole population of the States to pass through the institution in a single year, and to remain in the frame of mind in which they leave it, Protection would be hustled out of the country within twelve months. When a man comes to pay thirty-three per cent. duty on a supply of clothing or boots that he has brought from

England, he begins to doubt the soundness of Protection.

Things are made badly and priced exorbitantly in America, because the manufacturer has the consumer in a corner. He must either buy his goods, go without, or import them from Europe, paying the heavy fine imposed at the Custom House. It is a bitter reflection on American manufactures, and a striking commentary on the working of a system of arbitrary restriction of competition, that whenever an American gets the chance, he adopts the last course. A fellow-passenger on the *Britannic* brought with him for a relative, a well-known senator and stout champion of Protection, six pairs of boots, for which he had paid the fancy price of £2 10s. a pair. To this was added a Customs impost of one-third; and yet the senator found it worth while to buy his boots in London, and, comfortably and stoutly shod, will in the coming Presidential campaign angrily denounce Free Traders and eloquently plead for the Protection of American manufactures.

Another passenger had made a pilgrimage to Coventry, ordered a bicycle, paid freight and Customs duty, and found the bargain better than anything he could do in the United States. The keeper of a gambling-

house at Leadville, the same who boasted of his tiles imported from Minton's, told me he had a pair of riding-breeches made in England. These lasted him five years. Giving out fourteen months ago, he bought another pair of American manufacture, which were already worn out, and he was wondering how he could get a fresh supply from England. Advocates of Protection admit all this, but see in it only a fresh argument against Free Trade.

"If we abolish protection," they say, "our manufactories must shut up. They cannot compete with England. Our manufacturers would all go bankrupt, and we should be driven to rely entirely upon agriculture."

There are some Americans who take another view, and believe that if Free Trade were adopted, the cost of living would decrease, the demand for wages would have a corresponding fall, and the American manufacturer, no longer pampered, and having cheap labour at his command, would go in for making the best and cheapest article, and would succeed. But this class is in the minority, and the era of Free Trade in the United States is still afar off.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE RAILWAY CARS.

AN inconvenience inseparable from the distances run on American railways is the variation of time. Going West one's watch is always slowing ; going East it gains—a difficulty that might be grappled with if it stood alone. But there is superadded the uncertainty as to what time prevails in the connecting-link of railway with which you are specially concerned. There was much disgust expressed in the British section of a Denver train at the discovery made, on reference to the time-table, that the Denver and Rio Grande Railway delivered its passengers at Ogden a quarter of an hour after the Central Pacific train had gone on to San Francisco. On arriving at Ogden it was found that, on the contrary, there was a good hour to spare for breakfast, the simple explanation being that at Ogden San Francisco time is taken up, whereas we had been running on Denver time.

I used to have a great pity for the people living at Pontarlier, the frontier town, where French time is exchanged for the Swiss. Between *l'heure de Paris* and *l'heure de Berne*, set forth on the same clock-face by combination of red and black hands, it seemed that life could scarcely be worth living. But Pontarlier is not a patch on Ogden, where the waiting-room at the railway station is crowded with clocks, giving the various times upon which divers trains will run. It would not be difficult to drive a man mad, supposing he were called up in the morning by New York time, had his breakfast by Washington time, lunched at San Francisco time, had a cup of five-o'clock tea by the Boston clock, dined at the Chicago hour, and went to bed at Laramie time. He would gratefully be buried either at St. Louis time or Omaha, whichever struck first. At Ogden, trains running west are ruled by San Francisco time, which is 3h. 2m. slower than Washington time; 3h. 26m. than Boston; 3h. 14m. than New York; 2h. 20m. than Chicago; 2h. 9m. than St. Louis; 1h. 46m. than Omaha; 1h. 14m. than Laramie; and 42m. slower than Ogden time.

The public inconvenience arising from this penalty of geographical greatness has long occupied the attention of the railway mana-

gers. It is growing in pressure since the railway system is branching out and every little line has its local time. A characteristically bold scheme has been put forward to abolish the Old-World clock dial, and have one worthy of the United States. Why should the computation of time stop at twelve o'clock, when there are twenty-four hours in the day? Why not have thirteen o'clock and even twenty-four o'clock? These startling questions have been put before the intelligent public, and have been received with much favour. If the French Republicans changed the names of the months and the course of years, why should not a greater and more stable Republic have its own clock-dial? The proposal was tempting, but it had to be resisted by reason of the same extension of longitude that is at the bottom of the whole difficulty. When it is twenty-four o'clock (Anglicé midnight) at Boston it would be about half-past eight in the evening in San Francisco. Must San Francisco be put to bed immediately after dinner, or must Boston sit up till what would be half-past three in the morning?

Whatever the Republic might decree, the sun would remain master of the situation; and the national sun-dial scheme, gravely put

forward by the Pennsylvania Railway Company, had to be abandoned. A much more modest one is now practically approved by the railway managers, and will shortly come into operation. The breadth of the States will be divided into four parallels, starting from the east by New York time, by which in the first parallel all trains of whatever company will run. In the second parallel the trains will run on a system of time dated an hour later; a second hour will be accounted for in the third parallel; and at Ogden, San Francisco time, making up the balance, will prevail.

The delay in American trains is truly Continental in its proportions. In England it is regarded as a serious matter if a train on a main line is half an hour late. To lose an hour waiting for a train is an event the rarity of which is marked by much strong language on the part of the sufferers. Arriving at Salt Lake City from Denver, we were four hours late, and starting next day from Ogden by the Central Pacific, we had to wait three hours and a half for the arrival of the Union Pacific from the East. From Ogden to San Francisco is over eight hundred miles, a run in which there are possibilities of making up the loss of time, more especially when the average speed is twenty miles an hour. On this journey it was done,

and we reached San Francisco "on time." But this is not always the case, as appears from the Denver journey quoted, the through passengers from the West missing their train, and being compelled to stop at Ogden all night.

Slow running is not always an unmixed evil, as we learned on the Denver line. Approaching, after midnight, one of the stations, a switch which should have been closed was left open, and a serious accident made possible. Owing, however, to the slow pace, only the engine and the baggage car got off the line, and the passengers in the Pullman car slept on unconscious of the danger averted.

As compared with English trains, the American cars, with their open gangways and the possibilities of moving about, are vastly superior for the work they have to do. To travel a thousand miles at a stretch cooped up in an English first-class carriage would be intolerable. In the Pullman cars a run of a thousand miles, travelling day and night, is a mere incident of the week, and you leave the cars as fresh as when you entered. One day we saw the sun rise over the Rocky Mountains, and watched it sink behind the grey, sandy plains that lie about Salt Lake City—a long journey as hours are counted, but actually wearisome neither to body nor mind.

This railway journey from Salida across the Rocky Mountains is perhaps the most beautiful in either world, New or Old. At a quarter-past four o'clock in the morning the train was due, but it was nearly five before it steamed out of the station and breasted the steep ascent of the Marshall Pass. The stars were still shining in the deep blue sky. In the east, breaking over a purple ridge of mountain, the dark blue was paling to pearl grey. Presently there was a faint tinge of colour, changing as we looked to sulphur, and on through grades of infinite beauty to gold and crimson. Then the sun shone clear over the mountain-tops, and hill and dale, field, stream, and sky took on a beauty that mocks description. After winding in and out, round capes and over chasms, we came to one of the many cañons which make railway engineering possible over these great divides.

Imagine a narrow gorge with towering sides of rock, a tiny river rushing through, sometimes emerald green where the sunlight caught it in quiet depths, but oftener a mass of foam and spray, leaping over grey rocks in its haste to reach the plain. The mountains on either side rise sheer up a clear thousand feet of bare rock, grey and brown and red. A turn in the cañon shows hills of softer shape,

with here and there veins of brushwood of brilliant crimson. There hang over the stream graceful trees, unknown in England, with delicate foliage like maidenhair fern, of every shade of colour, from deepest gold to daintiest green. Through the gorge, winding at every few yards, the train glides along at a pleasant driving pace, giving time to enjoy all the beauty spread abroad. Nearly always we have the river, for which and the track there is just room enough in the cañon. All through the long morning the crisp mountain air is full of sunshine, and even when the sun goes down and the moon and the stars come out over the plains there is a deep blue sky framing the ever varying picture.

At midnight on the far horizon towards which we were speeding a new and startling light flamed forth. It was too low to be a constellation, and out of the way of the aurora borealis. As we drew nearer it spread in extent, and the smoke about it began to form a cloud. It looked like a burning city; but it was only a stubble field, and this was one of the peaceful processes of Western agriculture. In this happy land straw is not worth the trouble of reaping. The heads of corn are cut off close, and the straw left standing. When it is thoroughly dried a match is applied, the

straw burnt up, and the ground is ready for the plough.

It is a matter of great regret to travellers that Mr. Baedeker rests on his laurels earned in Europe, and forbears to include the United States in his familiar series of handbooks. Here is a new world to conquer, worthy of his genius. There are handbooks in the United States, one professing to be on the model of Baedeker; but they are curiously useless. I had one known here as "The Tourists' Guide to the United States and Canada," and in England as "The Englishman's Guide." Published at 7s. 6d. in England, it costs 10s. 6d. in New York, its place of manufacture. For some days, covering thousands of miles of travel, it possessed a strange fascination for me, being the premier book in the English tongue as containing the least amount of information in proportion to its bulk. But enjoyment of that kind soon palls, and on rejoining my trunks at Chicago I put the volume away at the bottom of the largest one.

The baggage arrangements are, in their inception, among the principal conveniences of American travel. The voyager from New York to San Francisco can, without trouble or expense, check his baggage forward from town

to town, picking it up where he pleases. Sometimes, it is true, he picks it up in several pieces, and many a family arriving at San Francisco have had their opinion of the convenience of the American system sorely modified as they stood by the wreck of their baggage. An American railway porter treats each individual piece of baggage as if he owed it a personal grudge. Easy as it may seem to take the lightest and frailest boxes as the basis of a pile, and then bring down upon them the sharp, iron-bound edges of a Saratoga trunk, it requires a good deal of skill and practice so to deal with whole carloads of luggage. Yet I have never seen at any station along four thousand miles of railway a single instance of failure. An English railway porter handles baggage with comparative kindness, for it represents to him sixpence or a shilling. Tipping not being the practice in America, the railway porter has nothing to look for or to hope for, and accordingly takes it out of the baggage.

This same absence of tips is doubtless responsible for the brusqueness, frequently reaching the stage of downright rudeness, which marks the manner of all with whom travellers have to deal at American railway stations. Ask a porter or depôt superintendent

(if you can find one) from which of the confusing lines a particular train is to start.

"How?" he growls, turning upon you a frowning, indignant face, as if he thought he had heard you ask him to lend you five shillings.

You repeat the question, and he, turning on his heel, pitches over his shoulder a monosyllabic reply, which you may or may not catch. In any case, it will be all you'll get. This is not a reference to an exceptional experience. It is an unvarnished description of at least twenty approaches politely made to railway officials between New York and San Francisco. At only one town did I meet with an *employé* whose manner answered in any degree to the courtesy and willingness to oblige of a corresponding official at an English railway station. The exception—I gratefully and admiringly record it—was the station-master at Kansas City.

The "tip" system, against which English railway directors rigorously enforce penalties, has its abuses; but sometimes, wandering forlornly in search of my train at a large railway junction, I have thought tenderly of the English railway porter, with his right hand dropped at his side and conveniently hooked lest peradventure the obliged passenger should want to drop a shilling in it.

Perhaps in England we are too much in the habit of relying upon the friendly and officious porter who not only sees your baggage into the van but conducts you to a carriage, and leaves you safely and comfortably seated. But if such intervention is desirable at an English station, with its well-defined platform, its warning bell, and its hosts of attendants, it seems absolutely indispensable in an American depôt (pronounced deepo), which is simply a wilderness of rails level with waiting-rooms. Instead of a train being drawn up to a raised platform as in England, it is halted in various positions on the broad level unguarded highway, oftenest either in the middle or at the far side. No attempt is made to see that passengers who have paid for their tickets start with the train. "All aboard," the conductor confidentially observes to himself, and thereupon, without warning, whistle or sound of bell, the train glides out of the station with whatever proportion of passengers may chance to be seated at the moment, or in the frantic rush which follows may succeed in jumping on.

"Don't get yourself left," a phenomenally friendly conductor said to me at Ellis, as I stood on the platform two seconds before the train moved on.

That way of putting it exactly represents the situation. If a train over an hour or two late pulls up at a roadside station and, presently moving off without a warning note, leaves a passenger behind, he has "got himself left."

This brusqueness in railway places is a reflection of the national manner as met with in the cars and on steamboats. "How?" or "What's that?" is the invariable response made to a question, however softly put by a stranger on the cars. It is uttered in a peculiarly sharp, snappish tone while your interlocutor is looking up and down, from hat to boots, with suspicious, inquiring glance. I do not think anything unpleasant is meant by this. The American when you know him is among the most friendly and hospitable of human beings; but his manner on the cars or in the streets is apt to convey a false impression to the foreigner.

It sometimes happens even after the unpromising conversational start of "How?" or "What's that?" that a fellow-companion on a car becomes very friendly and sometimes even entertaining. This is most frequently the case on long journeys where, having observed your habits, and formed an opinion of your character, the conclusion is arrived at that you don't mean any particular harm. On

the journey between Ogden and San Francisco, I made the acquaintance of an early settler in California. He was a lawyer, and full of reminiscences of the early administration of law in the State. It seems to have worked consistently, so as to give the odd chance to the criminal.

Three escapes are worth recording. The first happened at Esmeralda, a town near the borders of Nevada and California. A man was being tried for murder—a very bad case. Esmeralda being at the time understood to be in California, the judge, sheriffs, and jury were all from that State. The case for the prosecution was concluded, there was literally no defence, and the fate of the prisoner seemed sealed. The judge was about to address the jury, when the official surveyors, who had been working in the neighbourhood for some days, hurriedly arrived in the court and announced that Esmeralda was in Nevada.

“Then, gentlemen,” said the judge, rising and reaching out for his hat, “I don’t know that I’ve any business here.”

“I reckon, judge, that we’ve none either,” said the jury, beginning to disperse.

“I guess I’m in the wrong box, too,” said the prisoner, and out he went with the crowd, and was not seen in the neighbourhood any more.

In the second case the prisoner got off by an oversight of the judge. This happened at Sacramento. The man had been caught red-handed in the act of murder, but in accordance with the possibilities of American law had been bailed out. At the sitting of the court the man surrendered, and the responsibility of his bondsman there ended. This was the preliminary inquiry, and what the judge had to decide was whether the man should be held to answer the charge before a jury, a process akin to our magisterial inquiry. After hearing the evidence, the judge "held the prisoner to answer," but omitted the next formula of delivering him into the custody of the sheriff. It was accordingly the business of only a single person to look after the prisoner. That person was himself, and judging he would be better outside, he walked out, and has not since been captured.

The third case is less nearly connected with legal formula. A sheriff had, after a hot chase, caught a prisoner charged with shooting a fellow-practitioner at the bar of an hotel. As there was some talk of rescue, the sheriff, a determined fellow, spared no precaution. He had the prisoner bound and carried into a substantial log-hut. Arming himself to the teeth, he determined to keep watch himself

through the night. He barricaded the door, and for greater safety slept across it, placing his prisoner in the corner remotest from the door.

"I guess," he said, as he lay down, "if they take the boy they'll have to stride over my body."

At daybreak he was awakened by a cold draught, and looking round saw that he was the sole occupant of the hut. The prisoner's friends had raised one corner of the hut with a screw-jack, the prisoner had rolled himself out, and was already well across the border.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

It is a far cry from San Francisco to Yokohama, the distance seeming the greater by reason of the loneliness of the way. Nineteen days are occupied in crossing 4,700 miles of water, and during all that time till within a hundred miles of Yokohama we do not see a sail or other sign of human life. Life of any kind except that borne along by the ship herself has been curiously absent. One day a missionary from Illinois created some excitement by discovering a whale; but it turned out to be only a porpoise. Opportunities for observing the common objects of the sea are limited in Illinois.

Save for the albatross the great waste of water bounded by the horizon would be absolutely lifeless. But the albatross we have always with us. Shortly after land had faded from sight three attached themselves to the

ship, and through a wild, wet day followed it, sometimes swooping far ahead as if impatient of its slow progress, and then returning quietly to talk the matter over in our wake. On the fourth day the number was increased to nine, at which it steadily stood. It is hard to say whether they are always the same birds, and much kindly thought is bestowed upon their sleeping arrangements. Wherever they sleep or howsoever they rest, they are always full of life and strength and grace, careering round the ship, and never tired of their one game, which consists of getting a clear run with one or two flaps of their wings, then with graceful swoop coming down to the water's edge and seeing which can go nearest to the waves without wetting the tip of one wing. One Sunday afternoon, to the scandal of the missionaries, of whom we have six on board, they began playing "cart-wheels," in close imitation of the London street boy; but they soon tired of this, and went back to the prize skimming-game, which they have played incessantly ever since.

One day a ship in full sail bound east passed us. The day after, when within a hundred miles of port, we had a visitor in the shape of a dove. Like the one despatched by Noah, it had been out over the waste of waters in search of land, and finding none

gladly took refuge on our ark. It sat for hours on one of the yardarms, and regarded with profound interest the crowd of Chinese playing dominoes on the lower deck. In the afternoon came also a couple of white albatross, which gaily escorted us till night fell upon the ship almost under the shadow of land.

A wreck on the Atlantic is bad enough, but a wreck on the Pacific is almost hopeless. On a recent passage of one of these steamers the look-out discovered far on the lee what looked like an abandoned junk. Bearing down upon it, signs of life were noted, and a boat was prepared for the rescue. The steamer bearing close down upon the junk and having too much way on her passed it. Whereupon seven half-starved Japanese, who had been eagerly watching her approach, believing the steamer was after all abandoning them, flung themselves upon the deck with a despairing shriek, and all that could be seen was half a dozen skeleton hands waving over the bulwarks of the junk—a mute appeal to relent and rescue them. When the Japanese were taken off they could scarcely crawl across the deck of the steamer, and one died the same night, delirious with his first meal. It was a junk, rice laden, and had been driven out to sea by a typhoon. Three long months

they had been tossing about on the lonely Pacific, hungrily scanning the horizon, and never a sail had they seen till the steamer hove in sight. They had subsisted wholly on raw rice, and, it fortunately being the rainy season, had found a bare but sufficient supply of water. Under the unremitting care of their rescuers the six Japanese recovered health and strength. Indeed, before being landed at Yokohama, they were well enough to roundly abuse the captain for having burned their waterlogged junk after saving them, and to threaten an action for damages.

An ordinary Atlantic steamer would make this voyage in fourteen days. The *Coptic*, though small as compared with the Atlantic liners, could easily do it in sixteen. But the managers at San Francisco have reached the conclusion that more money is to be made by extending the natural limits of the voyage, which not infrequently runs to twenty-six days. The Occidental and Oriental Line is registered as a Liverpool company, and the ships at the time of my visit actually belonged to the White Star Line. Practically the little knot of men already alluded to as "controlling" all public works in connection with San Francisco have closed their rapacious hand over this line of steamers which they charter. There is

another line, the Pacific Mail, to which an innocent public might look to deliver them from a tyranny of monopoly. But San Francisco operators are not likely to leave a weapon of the kind hanging loose. The two companies pool their earnings, and of course settle their freight charges on a common basis limited by the endurance of the public. I do not know anything of the freight charges, but can bear testimony that the passage-money as compared with the mileage of the Atlantic is nearly fifty per cent. higher.

That might be borne, especially as there is no redress; but the hapless passengers have some cause for complaint that their time should be ruthlessly wasted, offered up a sacrifice to the Moloch of the niggardly economy of the San Francisco clique. Things have grown worse since the company became possessed of a so-called coal mine. This is known as the Carbon Hill Mine, and, according to the San Francisco joke, the managers of the Occidental Line debated for some time whether they should work it for slate or for coal. It was decided by a toss-up to call it a coal mine, and the proceeds are sent out to be burned in this line of mail steamers. Burning it liberally, and with a fair wind, we gaily bowl along at ten knots an hour. With a head wind and

a rough sea, if we make four knots we are grateful. With fair treatment the *Coptic* could do an average of fourteen knots. Experiments are now being made with the view of using this coal in driving the cable street trams in San Francisco. A still more ambitious project entertained by the ruthless proprietors is to burn it on the Union Pacific Line. The only hope for hapless San Francisco and for the public using this great highway to the West rests in the fact that the Carbon Hill Mine is the private property of a few members of the clique, and they will have to settle with their colleagues in the proprietorship. If it can be made worth their while, these gentlemen will, in accordance with their custom, accept the stuff for coal; but the terms must be high, and San Francisco, helplessly looking on, hopes for the best.

As for the mail steamers, things are likely to grow worse rather than better, since there is some talk of abandoning the charter with the White Star Line for a cheaper class of vessel. In the meantime we have a White Star ship with all its comforts and admirable management, as far as it can be controlled from Liverpool. We have in Captain Kidley one of the cheeriest, kindest commanders afloat, and, with occasional growls at the coal,

get along very comfortably. Our captain has a fine baritone voice, and comes out with great effect in the choir on Sundays. The difficulty here and with kindred entertainments is that the piano has been tuned at least two notes low—a fresh evidence, it is agreed, of the economical policy of the management. Last Sunday it had been arranged to include in the hymns the one commencing “Eternal Father, strong to save”—a hymn which, sung in thousands of English churches on quiet Sundays, finds an echo in many a lonely ship making its way across the pathless ocean. Just before the service I came upon the captain, evidently in a mood of deep dejection, despairingly wrestling with a difficult problem.

“What’s the matter, captain?” I asked. “Have the engineers come upon another layer of slate?”

“No,” said he, loyally resenting reference to the sore subject of the coal; “I’m thinking of the piano. We must pitch ‘Eternal Father’ two bars higher.”

We have on board, living and dead, some twelve hundred Chinamen. The living ones are going home to spend in China the modest fortune they have made in California. The dead are going home to be buried in the company of their ancestors. No one can say

how many dead we have on board, though the original number is being added to from day to day. Even the purser does not know, though he might, if he liked, tell how many coffins have been regularly entered as freight by the Six Companies of San Francisco. These corporations were instituted with the object of directing and profiting by the immigration of the Chinese to California. Apart from other payments, a Chinaman subscribes two dollars to the Six Companies on arriving at San Francisco, and from two to six on returning. In consideration of these payments the companies undertake in the event of sickness to provide medical aid, and, in case of death, to embalm the body and ship it to Hongkong.

The companies are, in fact, a kind of sick and burial society. On a hill at San Francisco, overlooking the bay and the Golden Gate, is a small unkempt enclosure known as the Chinese cemetery. But it is merely a temporary resting-place for the bones of the tired dead man. It is in his bond that sooner or later he shall be laid at rest in his native village, in convenient contiguity to his ancestors, and the Six Companies dare no more, in the least considerable case, refuse to meet this engagement than the Bank of England dare refuse to cash one of its five-pound notes.

It is whispered among the outer barbarians that the Six Companies are not asleep to opportunities of reducing their liabilities. If they have on their books a man sinking from consumption—a dire disease among the Chinese immigrants—they make haste to ship him off. If he dies in San Francisco it will cost the companies from first to last £20. If he is once got on board and passes out through the Golden Gate into another world, the cost of embalming the body falls on other shoulders. If the man has money the amount is deducted from his possessions. If he has not, the poorest Chinaman on board will subscribe to the fund necessary to secure his embalmment.

In either case the cost of embalming is only thirty dollars, of which the purser takes twelve and a half, the doctor who does the work receives an equal sum, and the odd five dollars are distributed among the members of the crew who handle the coffin. A dead Chinaman is with grotesque realism called “a stiff,” and the number of “stiffs” on a voyage is the measure of the financial prosperity of purser, doctor, and petty officers. On a good voyage, I have been told, there have been as many as sixteen “stiffs,” representing 480 dollars.

These steamers always take out a stock of coffins. They are stored in the boats on deck,

and should anything happen to the vessel and we had to take to the boats, we must first hand out the coffins, some full, others empty. A Chinese coffin has an unaccustomed look, which relieves the boatloads from much of their ghastliness. They look like trunks of trees, hollowed, squared, and with the ends stopped up. They are not shaped with the stiff formality of the Western coffin, and are to my mind infinitely preferable. Generally the deaths are viewed with stolid indifference by the Chinese. There is one more bunk empty, one mouth the less to feed, and the purser and doctor have another handful of dollars. But when there is a family and one is taken, the commotion is considerable.

There was on board our ship an old dried-up Chinese lady from Demerara, said to be eighty years of age. She was hastening home to dwell for ever with kith and kin, but could not hold out, and died on the tenth day. One night she predicted her death on the following day, had herself dressed in grave-clothes, and lay quietly awaiting the tryst she had made, and which Death for his part faithfully kept. When the coffin was carried out to be placed with the rest in the boat, her sons and daughters and grandchildren followed it with great weeping and wailing, in which their

sympathetic countrymen, playing dominoes on the deck, heartily joined. When the sailcloth was drawn over the newest coffin stowed away in the boat hanging by the davits, sons, daughters, and grandchildren went back to pipes and tea, the players returned to their dominoes, and the yellow-wrinkled old lady in the white grave-clothes seemed to pass from memory.

The reason why uncertainty exists as to the precise number of dead bodies on board, arises from the friendly habits of the Chinese. They will, to oblige a neighbour, cheerfully pack up the bones of a compatriot in a red pocket-handkerchief, or place them as the last layer in a trunk containing their best clothes, and so give them free passage home.

The live Chinaman is the most inveterate gambler of the human race. He begins shortly after sunrise, and the dominoes and dice are put away only when it grows too dark to recognize the numbers. I got up early one morning to see the sunrise, and was rewarded by coming upon even a more remarkable sight. It was a Chinaman cleaning his teeth. He had on a pair of blue cotton trousers, made for a man with much longer body, the seat flapping idly about his knees. Above this he wore a sailor's cloth pea-jacket, green with age. The front

part of his head, shaved shortly before leaving San Francisco, was now covered with short hair, his pigtail being wound several times round the crown of his head. There in the early morning, with the east beginning to glow in the light of the rising sun, the Chinaman stood and sedulously sawed away at his teeth with a brush he had probably borrowed from his last place.

Near him, even at this hour, were five groups sitting on their haunches, around pieces of matting, playing dominoes and chattering like so many magpies. They seem a very light-hearted race, with unlimited conversational powers, and a keen perception of what passes in Chinese for a joke. Their capacity for the conditions of sedentary life is astonishing. Some of them do not leave their bunk from one week's end to the other. Those who go on deck either sit on their haunches all day gambling, or stand vacantly staring at the quarter-deck, as if they momentarily expected something to happen upon it. Nothing surprises them so much as to see the saloon passengers walking up and down as if for a wager.

On fine days some of them dine on deck and display remarkable dexterity with their chop-sticks. They eat in parties of fourteen.

Each mess has its self-elected steward, who brings the allowance, around which the fourteen sit gabbling and gobbling, putting their chop-sticks in the common dish, and stoking themselves with rice with marvellous skill. An able-bodied Chinaman dexterously poises his bowl over his under lip, holding it with his left hand. In his right twinkle the chop-sticks, and before you could count a score the bowl is empty and the reinvigorated diner-out is fishing round with his chop-sticks in the common bowl for a toothsome bit of fat pork.

Upwards of half a ton of rice is consumed every day by the steerage passengers. This is their staple food, but they have delicacies and luxuries which vary its monotony. Dried fish is much appreciated, and so are eggs if of proper age. It is of course only the rich who can afford the luxury of an egg laid five or six years ago. On board the ship the steerage passengers must be content to have them as many months old. They are shipped in barrels, each egg being carefully covered with a preparation of mud and charcoal. This is peeled off and the delicacy is ready for the table. It is interesting to watch the glistening eyes and watering lips of the group standing around the barrel in which the eggs are being peeled. Who knows but that, perad-

venture, a real full-flavoured five-year-old may not by accident have got in with the rest?

Another delicacy of even higher rank is shrimps. Not your fresh shrimps, redolent of the sea, such as are served with bread and butter and watercress at Margate. The inborn conservatism of the Chinese extends to his dish of shrimps. They must be old, or he will have none of them. They are shelled and dried, and after many days made into soup in conjunction with vermicelli. It is a great day in the steerage when shrimp soup is on the bill of fare. The shells are exported to China, where they bring a large price, being regarded as the finest manure for the tea plant. In San Francisco a large and important trade is carried on in shrimp shells, of which we have many bales among our cargo. Another favourite Chinese soup is made of a coarse sugar, first cousin to molasses, known as panocha. A proportion of ship's biscuits is added, and the soup served out twice a week, to the exceeding joy of the Chinese.

Yet another prime delicacy is a vegetable known as beanstick. This is the beanstalk dried and submitted to some more mysterious process, after which it is chopped up and boiled to make soup. Tea is served at every meal, and is of course taken without milk or sugar.

This list comprises the principal articles of food provided on the ship. In addition some of the more thoughtful furnish themselves with a supply of pork sausages supernaturally fat. These they hang up at the head of their bunks. It must be rather hard for the poor fellows on either side or in the rear bunks to have these tempting delicacies hanging almost literally over their noses and to feel that they are another's.

I had the opportunity of visiting the Chinese quarters in the ship, and was astonished to find it densely populated at eleven o'clock in the morning. It was a fine morning, and the decks fore and aft were crowded with domino-players, chattering at the top of their voice as fortune varied and there were exchanged driblets of "cash," of which, at present currency, eleven hundred go to make three and ninepence. Yet the berths below deck were as populous as a rabbit warren. As we walked through, dodging the strings of sausages that hung out from many bunks, yellow faces bobbed up from all quarters, and great brown, almond-shaped eyes fixed us with uncompromising stare. Unlike the Japanese, who whenever they can dress in European garments, which even upon the well-to-do classes look as if they were misfits bought in Pett-

coat Lane, the Chinese, even at sea, preserve their national garb. They are not exclusive in respect of trousers, which may be of any cloth or cut, though blue cotton is preferred. Nor are they particular in the matter of head-gear. The proper Chinese cap is made of black silk, close fitting and surmounted by a little red button. These are largely worn on the ship; but in number they are run very close by a soft flat-crowned "billy-cock," in various stages of dilapidation, and having more or less reference to the size of the head. This disreputable head-gear, clapped over the pigtail, and surmounting the Chinese tunic, sometimes has an irresistibly comic effect.

Amongst the throng of coolies are some half-dozen men of strikingly different appearance. These are decently dressed in blue cloth tunics, with trousers to match, and with stockings on their feet. They wear their pigtail down their back, where in course of time it makes a smooth greasy mark between the shoulders. They are merchants returning home on business, and could well afford to take a saloon passage; but, like the Shunamite woman, they prefer to dwell among their own people. One family, consisting of father, mother, and three pretty moon-faced children, travelled from Los Angeles to San Francisco

in a drawing-room car. On board the *Coptic* they pig in with their own race, eat their food, and breathe their somewhat overladen air. Neither wife nor children have, as far as I have seen, once appeared on deck since the ship left San Francisco. That is by no means an uncommon case. Yet they appear healthy and happy enough.

Infinite care is taken to find the best possible ventilation for the crowded hold, and with surprising success. On the morning I visited the steerage it had been battened down on account of rough weather; yet no one could have told that a thousand people closely packed had passed the night there.

There is food for pensive thought in the fact that there are over eleven hundred Chinamen on board the ship, and less than fifty of Western race. Contingencies have been cared for in a peculiar but effective manner. Hoses and steam-pipes are strategically placed so as to command the decks and holds. If the Chinese were to prove obstreperous they might be either steamed or drenched. Cases are not infrequent where the hose is brought into requisition. Not very long ago, on a voyage of thirty days, the supply of rice gave out and the Chinese began to murmur. The murmur rising to clamour, the hose was got

ready for action. When the Chinese rushed aft asking for rice the bo'sun gave them water, and what might have been a murderous outbreak was instantly quelled.

Four days before we arrived there was an outbreak among the Chinese on the *Coptic*, arising out of a little difficulty among themselves. They were, as usual, playing dominoes, when accusations of foul play were made. Three retired, and coming back, each armed with a chopper, "went for" any one who chanced to be near—the baker was one, and him they sliced with the choppers—till, the watch rushing up, they were disarmed, put in irons, and were on arrival handed to the police authorities at Yokohama. Meanwhile we were deprived of the services of our baker, who made excellent bread.

There is a small cabin aft set apart for opium smokers. It is always crowded, but the space is wholly inadequate to the demand. Those who cannot get in appropriate a covered passage near the wheel, where in double line, feet to feet, they lie and smoke "like gods together, careless of mankind." To them,

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea;
Death is the end of life. Ah, why
Should life all labour be?

Let them alone. They have toiled much and long in an alien land, bearing the insults and often the cuffs of a race they despise. Now they have made their little heap of money, and are going back to spend it with their families and with the sweet certainty that their bones shall rest in their own land. There will be labour again when the voyage is over and they land in Hongkong. In the meanwhile, let them

Muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of their infancy,
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust shut in an urn of brass.

CHAPTER XIII.

SOME JAPANESE TRAITS.

As we steamed into the bay of Yeddo, Yokohama was dimly discernible under lowering skies and through the mist of incessant rain. In crossing the Pacific we had been cheered by the sight of many sunsets of ever varied beauty. However dull or wet the day, the sunset was rarely missing. Now the sun seemed to have set for ever. It had, we learned on landing, been raining for a fortnight; which was a little hard on Yokohama, since it had had its rains in June and July, and this was its season for fair weather. One of our fellow-passengers was from Glasgow, and as we stood in the Custom House, sheltering from the pitiless rain and wondering how far we should be successful in making a dash into a jinrikisha without getting wet through, he was visibly affected.

"It is just like Glasgae," he murmured,

thinking of the many months that had separated him from home and friends, fog and rain.

But the rain was the only thing homelike in the scene. As the *Coptic* steamed up to the buoy we caught some indefinite glimpses of Yokohama with the green Bluff which Europeans have wisely marked for their own, and where they live in pretty bungalows set in cool gardens, flanked by tennis lawns.

Even through the rain the bay was a fine sight. All the navies of the world might ride at anchor here safe from the winds that mock at the name of the Pacific. Half a dozen men-of-war were already anchored, notably a Russian ironclad, one of the most beautiful things afloat. England was represented by a single ship, two having been ordered off to Hongkong in view of possibilities that might be created by the trouble agitating France and China. There were ships of larger or smaller tonnage from American and British ports. A Mitsu Bishi steamer came puffing in our wake, arriving from one of the southern Japanese ports and going north at daybreak. One smart steamer moored to the buoy must have been an object of special interest to the Mitsu Bishi people. She is the first comer of a splendid fleet of sixteen steamers now build-

ing on the Clyde, and intended to run in competition with the Mitsu line. By October, 1884, this fine fleet of steamers will be coasting round Japan.

Long before the *Coptic* was made fast to the buoy the bay was alive with sampans, the heavy-looking native boat, with the crews clamorous for fares. The boatmen, standing in the stern vigorously working the colossal oar that sculls the sampan, were dressed for a wet day. It is not many years since the Japanese native costume amongst the lower orders was limited to a hand's-breadth of cloth tied about the loins. The new order of Japanese, impregnated with Western ideas, sternly sets its face against this habitude. The upper classes, laying aside the graceful Eastern robes which their fathers wore, have attired themselves in European dress, which they wear without grace. There seems no reason why, given a capable tailor, a Japanese gentleman should not look well in broadcloth. As a matter of fact, he never does. From the Mikado down to the merchant or tradesman, a Japanese who wears European dress seems to have bought his suit at a ready-made clothing establishment. Happily the ladies, with instinctive good taste, more generally retain the native costume, with its graceful lines and

soft colours. When they lay it aside for European clothes they lose all their natural taste in colours, and come out with painful contrasts.

The lower classes, compelled by Imperial edict to go about clothed, keep to the native dress, and so obtain a vast advantage over their superiors in station. In fine weather this dress is with the men exceeding scanty, consisting of a blouse and blue cotton drawers, tightly fitting and extending half-way down the thigh. On a day like this they put on wonderful straw cloaks, reaching to the knee, whilst their heads are thatched with wide straw hats of saucer shape. Thus arrayed, with bare brown legs, and brawny arms wielding the gigantic oar, they looked like a regiment of Man-Fridays expectant of Robinson Crusoe's arrival in the *Coptic*, and eager to welcome him back to island life. Presently, when the rain ceased, the cloaks were dropped off, straw hats pitched aside, and they stood there some forty or fifty of the stalwartest men in either hemisphere. They do not run much to height, but their limbs are magnificent and their energy tireless.

All ages were represented in the sampans, from boys of eight or ten with tremendous biceps and stout calves, to men so old and

wrinkled that they would seem past the time at which these heavy oars could be usefully wielded. One old gentleman, a priceless subject for a painter, sculled in with the first of the fleet, having a bright blue cotton handkerchief tied round his wrinkled face, a straw cloak on his shoulders, and apparently nothing else. The object of attack was the coolies who might be going ashore, and the victory was to the boatman who got his sampan nearest to the ship's side, and so secured the chance of the first coolie disembarking. There being no provision for holding on to the steamer, the only way of keeping in place among the heaving mass of sampans was to keep sculling.

Old Blue-Cotton-Handkerchief, after racing across the bay, stood in the stern of his sampan with brawny muscle, corded legs set wide apart, sculling for his life ; whilst in the bows, thrown out in skirmishing order, was his grandson, or perhaps his great grandson, fishing for coolies with a boat-hook. I was on the steamer for nearly two hours after she was attached to the buoy, during which time the crowd of sampans were struggling and heaving on the port side, amid an incessant din of voices. Whenever I looked over the side, there was the blue cotton handkerchief bound about a wrinkled face that seemed to be

carved deep out of mahogany, the old man, with lips firmly set and eyes anxiously fixed on the throng of coolies, sculling as if he had just taken the oar in hand, and it was feather weight.

The coolies had an uncommonly lively time of it. I could not make out upon what plan selection was made, whether the coolie chose the sampan or the sampan-man the coolie. All that was to be seen at brief intervals over the bulwarks was a coolie bundling into a sampan, where half a dozen brawny arms seized him, and amid a fearsome clamour handed him about till he was finally deposited in a boat and was presently rowed away. One who had evidently got himself up with great care, probably having a circle of visiting acquaintance in Yokohama, had undergone this process of selection, and was sitting, pale and heated, smoothing out his umbrella, wiping his spectacles, and shaking his clothes into shape. He had had a bad time of it, but it was over now, and he would soon be on dry land. Suddenly the clamour recommenced. He was seized upon, and hustled, spectacles, umbrella, and all, into a sampan three boats off, where five of his compatriots were already seated. From this and one or two other incidents, I surmised that the sampan men

arranged among themselves to take parties of coolies who were going together to various parts of the town, and that they were sorting them out as if they were a consignment of apples.

We had two Japanese passengers in the saloon of the *Coptic*, young fellows who had been travelling and studying in Europe and the States. They had all the amiability and gentleness of the Japanese, modest, retiring, and almost pathetically polite. In rough weather they were always being blown about the decks, pulled short up by running against portions of the rigging, and in various ways being made light of. Coming on deck shortly after we were anchored, I beheld a strange transformation scene. The elder of the Japanese was leaning in easy, dignified attitude against the gangway. The younger one was standing talking to him bareheaded, and before him in semi-circle at respectful distance stood an extraordinary group of Japanese. They were five in number. Each man had a large paper umbrella stuck under one arm, and a hat of straw under the other. Three wore straw cloaks; one had a musty brown cloak; and the fifth, the beau of the party, wore a pair of top-boots and a gorgeous green blanket. I noticed—and the accuracy of the observation

has been abundantly confirmed in various parts of Japan—that when a native draws on a pair of top-boots he thinks he has done all that can be fairly required of him in the way of dressing. But the law is stern, and as the day was wet the green blanket had been superadded. Nevertheless, as he moved about and bowed, unexpected glimpses were caught above the top-boots of sun-tanned flesh. Whenever the elder Japanese spoke, all the five men bowed down to the ground. If, without speaking, his glance wandered in any particular direction, the individual so honoured bowed and smiled, “and chortled in his joy.”

After this scene the secret about the elder Japanese could no longer be kept. He was a prince in disguise. Young as he was, he had been a Daimio at the time of the revolution, endowed with vast wealth and almost boundless power. He had never stirred abroad without an escort of two-sworded men. When the revolution came, the Daimios accepted the situation with praiseworthy philosophy. They abandoned their rank and state, took Government bonds in part payment of the value of their lands, and this young prince, like some others, contentedly went forth to see the wonders of the

Western world. The five men were some of his old retainers, probably two-sworded men, who, hearing of his arrival, had come to do him homage.

The Custom House at Yokohama is based entirely upon European models, except in the matter of roughness or incivility. One of my trunks, the least battered after running the gauntlet of the American baggage service, they asked to have opened. But the whole thing was over in a few minutes, and we were at liberty. Jinrikisha men were patiently waiting, not pestering passengers with demand for preference, but standing quietly in a row, dumbly hoping they might obtain it. The jinrikisha is perhaps the most prominent and certainly not the least useful institution of Japan. It is like an enlarged perambulator placed upon two light wheels; there is a hood, movable backwards or forwards at pleasure, and on a day such as that on which we landed the fare is covered in from the rain with a curtain of oil-paper let down in front. For steed you have a little Jap, all bone, muscle, and good temper, who trots along at about six miles an hour, and can, if you will hire him, take you forty or fifty miles in the day, coming up smiling in the morning for another journey.

The fare inside the bridges of Yokohama, practically the length and breadth of the city, is equal to a trifle under fivepence. You can hire a jinrikisha by the hour for $7\frac{1}{2}d$. The mode of locomotion is pleasant and convenient, and with lingering reminiscence of the London cabby and the United States hackman, it is a positive pleasure to have for companion a jinrikisha man. He takes his poor pittance with a smile and a bow, and cheerfully trots off without thought of contingency of a supplementary copper. He is as merry as a child, and when two or three run together they laugh and talk like schoolboys. In common with their nation, they have a keen sense of the humorous or the ridiculous, and, to judge from the frequency of their laughter, they are constantly finding it. Robinson Crusoe, in saucer hat and short straw cloak dripping over bare legs, took me to the hotel, and all the way I could hear him, amid the gusts of wind and the patter of the rain, chatting and laughing with his companions.

On a day like this there was nothing to be done but shopping, and after delivering a few letters of introduction we went out to the silk stores. This time my jinrikisha man was a butterfly being, with a bright blue cotton handkerchief wound about his head and a

yellow oil-paper waterproof which glistened transparent in the pouring rain. The five retainers of the deposed prince wore white stockings, with the big toe in a place all to itself for convenience of tying the straw sandal. The people walking about the streets with paper umbrellas, and paper or straw cloaks, wore wooden pattens, standing fully three inches off the ground. To Western ideas it would have seemed better if there had been less clog and more trouser. But it was very wet, and there was no use in spoiling any clothing that might possibly be dispensed with. The jinrikisha men wore nothing on their feet but straw sandals, with which they gaily splashed through the mud, the water running down their bare legs in never-ceasing streams.

The next morning Yokohama underwent a glorious transformation. The clouds had rained themselves out, and the sun, like the Mikado breaking the bonds in which he had long been held by the Shoguns, had a complete restoration. We rose early, got into jinrikishas, and gaily bowled along for a trip round the Bluff. As we crossed the bridge over the canal a few paces to the right, there was Fuji, with snow-cap on, lifted far up into the blue sky. This famous mountain of

Japan is seventy miles distant from Yokohama, but it seemed close enough to invite us to a run there and back before breakfast.

Before mounting the steep to the Bluff we passed down a street wholly occupied by the Japanese. Yokohama is a foreign settlement. It was a fishing-village when, in 1859, it was selected as the site of one of the treaty ports. Foreigners, among whom English predominate, have built its principal streets, its hotel, its shops, its banks, and its clubhouse. Walking along the Bund, there is nothing except a stray Japanese or a group of jinrikisha men to contest the assumption that this is an English colonial street. Save for the same striking feature in the scenery, Main Street might pass for a British thoroughfare; but cross the bridge, follow the street that skirts the canal, and you are in a new world. The street swarms with its residents in a manner peculiar to Eastern life. In an English street, there are to be seen the people who may chance to be passing, whilst glimpses are caught through windows of others in the shops and houses. In Japan the people in the houses are as much on view as those actually in the street.

The first duty of a Japanese householder or his deputy on rising in the morning is to

take down the front of his house. It is literally slid away, and the interior left in full view with whatever domestic operations may be going forward at the moment or through the day. This peculiarity of house architecture is not confined merely to the front. The inner rooms are made up on the same principle. There is a groove in the floor along which a panel slides. When night comes and bedrooms are required, the panel is slid along, and there is the room. In the morning when it is time to get up—and sometimes, as travellers in the interior find to their embarrassment, before it is time to get up—the panels are slid back, and what was a bedroom is an unenclosed space. These panels (called *shoji*) are made of latticework of wood, the open spaces being covered with paper tightly stretched. This is the only wall of the inner rooms, the outer wall, front and back, being composed of sliding shutters all wood.

The shutters were drawn back, the bedroom walls had disappeared, and all the houses were open as we drove through in the fresh early morning. All the men and women were at work, and all the children carrying babies. In this street, as in all other Japanese thoroughfares, the number of children is as-

tounding. Salt Lake City is childless as compared with any Japanese quarter, whether in town or country. The stranger is startled by the first impression that all the girls are born double-headed. To see a girl from three years old up to twelve is to make the discovery of a second and smaller head apparently growing on her right or left shoulder. On closer inspection this turns out to belong to a baby, which she is carrying strapped to her back, no portion of it visible except its head and face. I could not learn at what age a girl is held to be capable of carrying a baby, but I have seen scores whose age did not exceed four staggering along under the weight of an infant brother or sister bound to its back. This is the national form of carrying what in England are known as infants in arms. The Japanese equivalent to the phrase would naturally be infants on back.

I do not know how it is for the infant, but it is evidently a very convenient way for the bearer. Women carrying children can, and do, go about their daily work as if they had no incumbrance, whilst the children play about the streets just as if the baby on their back were a wart or other insignificant natural excrescence. I never saw in Japan a baby held in other fashion, with

single exception of a man in Oyama who dandled one in his arms, and he, I subsequently ascertained, was a person of weak intellect.

Amongst the most striking of the costumes in the moving scene was that of men in blouses, with a sort of white brick dado below the belt, and between the shoulders a circle, also of white, marked with cabalistic signs. From a back view they look like movable targets for archery practice; but they were merely labourers in particular trades, or engaged by firms, whose badge they wore. There was among the population a larger proportion of trouser than obtains among jinrikisha men; but this article of dress, considered indispensable in some countries, is held in but light esteem in Japan. Where it is worn there is an evident desire to make as little of it as possible. It is cut off short with surprising determination, and where worn down to the ankle a compromise is effected by having the cloth made almost skin-tight. When the waiters at the Grand Hotel brought me my first meal, I thought I was about to be entertained with a saltatory performance. They wore black serge tights of the cut familiar in the stage costume of male members of the Vokes family. I should not have been

at all surprised if one had incontinently passed his leg over the head of the other as he walked past him with a dish of chops. But they had only brought in tiffin, and left the room in the usual fashion after placing it on the table.

Many of the women add to their natural charms by blacking their teeth. This is the sign of the married state and has a particularly hideous effect. I am told it is now going out of fashion. The younger girls when dressed for the day touch the front of their under lip with a brush dipped in vermilion. Our jinrikisha men made their way through the throng without running over any children, a feat accomplished only by dint of incessant shouting. We walked up the hill and finally came out on the racecourse, on the way obtaining a bird's-eye view of Yokohama.

Coming back one of the jinrikisha men politely invited us to visit a "garden shop." Not desiring to buy anything, we were reluctant to enter, but yielded to pressure, and were received by the nursery gardener with profound courtesy, not abated by one jot when we left without a chrysanthemum pot or a flowering shrub under each arm. Yet the temptation to buy was very great. There were wonderful chrysanthemums, familiar as

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ash, is an indispensable article of furniture in every sitting-room, whether it be shop or kitchen. The pipe, made of metal, has a bowl about as broad and deep as the nail of the little finger. It holds sufficient tobacco to afford the gratification of three whiffs. These taken, the ashes are knocked out, and the pipe laid down with as much satisfaction as if the owner had had an honest smoke of an hour's duration. Out of doors the Japanese carries his pipe in a leathern case, which, together with his tobacco-pouch, is fastened at his girdle. Many, even among the poorer classes, have at the end of the cord on which pipe and pouch are slung, a piece of carved ivory or bone. The tobacco smoked by the Japanese is home-grown, and to the British taste flavourless save for a *soupeçon* of chopped hay. Tiny whiffs of smoke were going up from many of the groups squatted on the shop floors waiting for custom.

The street was full of pictures. Here was a woman washing vegetables in water drawn from the street well, with barrel top and pulley and rope overhead to haul up the bucket. Next door was a cooper's shop, with an attractive store of the buckets and dippers, which abound in Japanese households. Further on was a man mending tins. On the

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themselves in and be comfortable in truly English fashion.

The guards and ticket-collectors are dressed in neat uniforms. The stations at both termini are spacious stone buildings, with every accommodation, including the morning newspapers in the waiting-room. Displayed on one of the walls of the station is the meteorological report of the day, by which the traveller waiting for a train can learn how the wind is blowing at Nagasaki and under what degree of atmospheric depression people are living in Kyoto. The explanation of the chart is printed in Japanese and English. At Yokohama the ticket clerk understands enough English to transact business with the foreigner. His colleague at Tokio is more deliberate, requiring an appreciable space of time to grasp the fact that he is being asked for a ticket for Yokohama.

But when the ticket office is closed and the clerk resting from his labours, the station at Tokio is a hard place for the Englishman who knows nothing of Japanese. On the day of my first visit I had occasion to tell the coachman to return and meet me at the station at twenty minutes past twelve. I tried in various ways to make this clear to him. I took him to the clock, pointed to the

figure twelve, and showed how the minute-hand would come to twenty. He had followed me throughout with the short, sharp exclamation, "Heih!" with which Japanese servants and persons of the lower class indicate that they are attending to your instructions and will hasten to obey them; but when it was all over he bowed to the ground and stood looking at the clock. I fancy he thought I had been explaining its internal arrangements.

Nothing could exceed the politeness of the officials who happened to be about. They crowded round and addressed me at much length, but nothing came of it, and we parted in despair. After a brief interval of rest, I had another struggle with the coachman, with the same result. At length, when all seemed dark and my engagement imperilled, the coachman said, "*Parlez-vous Français?*" He had, it seemed, been to Paris with the Legation, and had learned sufficient French to make intercourse for the rest of the day practically intelligible.

Mr. Inouyé, the Foreign Minister, had been good enough to send one of his secretaries with a carriage to meet us on arrival, and we drove what seemed the full length of Tokio. Two bettos, or runners, accompanied the carriage, and made things lively for the

yellow oil-paper waterproof which glistened transparent in the pouring rain. The five retainers of the deposed prince wore white stockings, with the big toe in a place all to itself for convenience of tying the straw sandal. The people walking about the streets with paper umbrellas, and paper or straw cloaks, wore wooden pattens, standing fully three inches off the ground. To Western ideas it would have seemed better if there had been less clog and more trouser. But it was very wet, and there was no use in spoiling any clothing that might possibly be dispensed with. The jinrikisha men wore nothing on their feet but straw sandals, with which they gaily splashed through the mud, the water running down their bare legs in never-ceasing streams.

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which must be closely examined, even at the risk of bringing the whole procession to a halt. There was no rudeness or hustling. It simply came to this, that the God of Happiness, of his bounty, and incited by many prayers and offerings, had crowned the pleasure and excitement of the day by dropping in among the counter attractions of the booths three ladies in strange garb, and the most must be made of the opportunity. The women gathered about and stared with undisguised curiosity. They furtively felt the material of dresses and cloaks, and were particularly struck by the arrangements of the back hair. Their general impression appeared to be one of good-humoured astonishment, not unmingled with pity for unfortunate persons of their sex who, either from necessity or choice, thus attired themselves.

By slow degrees we reached the temple steps, and stood under the shadow of its overhanging roof. Before the temple is a red wooden structure of two stories, designed as an entrance gate. A number of large sandals were hung up before images of the Two Heavenly Kings. They are placed there by persons who desire to become good walkers, and hereby avoid the necessity of ordinary training. Close by was a small altar erected

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shop, and trotted off delighted to the Japanese quarter. The shop-keeper was an old lady with blackened teeth and scanty skirt, which last did not prevent her from climbing up a ladder to bring some of her newest goods from beneath the rafters where they were stored. The bargaining was chiefly pantomimic, and was carried on with great success. It is a long time since jinrikisha men spent so joyous a quarter of an hour. One, constituting himself shop-assistant to the old lady, flung the straw cloak over his shoulders, and slowly turned round, so that we might study its cut and fit, he and his colleague laughing the while like children in possession of a new toy. When we tried them on ourselves they roared with laughter, and as by this time half the street had congregated round the shop, the scene grew into one of mad merriment.

When we had completed the purchase, the old lady produced one of the ready-reckoners which are found in every shop in Japan, from the bank counter to the matted floor of the dealer in straw sandals. It consists of a small oblong box with rows of cane stretched cross-ways. On these are strung a kind of bone button, with which skilled fingers play, and in an incredibly short space of time work out the sum. At the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank

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suits made for somebody else, and apparently not out of the clothes-press since the last birthday. Each had a chimney-pot hat, of various antique makes, and every man's hands were loosely hidden in white-cotton gloves several sizes too large. These were, I finally ascertained, the servants of the Imperial household in their best clothes.

The Mikado, leaving the brougham, mounted a nice little bay pony with yellow reins, and, followed by his staff and military attachés of the foreign Ministries, slowly rode round the ranks of the soldiery stiffly standing at attention. The Mikado is thirty-one years of age, tall, but not graceful in figure. He has the sallow complexion and black hair of the Japanese. Except for something of sensuality about the thick lips and heavy jaws, his face has about as much expression as a brick wall. His seat on horseback is the most remarkable I ever saw. Holding a yellow rein in either hand, with elbows squared, he leaned over the pony's neck as if he were about to get off in that direction without assistance. Thus he sat whilst he walked the pony round, and thus he remained, blankly staring straight ahead whilst the troops marched past.

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chopsticks, conscious that here, at least, France had no chance with him.

All the food was placed on the table at once, and with it a wooden box of considerable size. Regarded as a specimen of modern Japanese decoration, the box was perfectly hideous, being picked out with white flowers and bright green leaves. It opened in a series of trays, after the fashion of a lacquered box. On each tray was a supply of food, fish, jelly, vegetables, seaweed, and sweetmeats. On leaving, each Minister found one of these boxes in his carriage—a delicate and hospitable attention with which the Mikados have been wont through a thousand years to speed the parting guest. With the plain wooden box containing the meats was presented a beautiful little porcelain cup, from which the guest was supposed to have drunk his saké. The wooden box, with its green leaves, its white flowers, and its uninviting cold meats, was a thing to be got rid of as quickly as possible; but this little cup, with the Royal chrysanthemums in gold shining upon it, would fittingly remain as a souvenir of the interesting occasion.

In the evening Madame Inouyé, the wife of the Foreign Minister, gave a reception at the Foreign Office, to which eight hundred

guests were bidden. The Japanese never dance—they get it done for them. But on this occasion, a considerable proportion of the guests being foreigners, dancing was provided for and thoroughly enjoyed. It was pleasing to find most of the Japanese ladies, including the hostess, arrayed in their own graceful and becoming dress. The gentlemen were, without exception, in European dress. Everything about the arrangements was European, including the supper, furnished on a scale of Royal magnificence. Each guest on entering was presented with the programme of the dances, bearing the familiar imprint, "De la Rue." The band played English dance music, and with the exception of a little difficulty in the Lancers—abruptly closed in the middle of the fifth figure—it got on admirably. Many of the Japanese ladies were very pretty, and took a keen interest in the dancing, which seemed to betoken that at no distant day this European custom will be added to the others that already dominate Japan.

At supper I noticed one charming little Japanese lady execute a neat manœuvre with a plate of cakes which she had on her knee. Diving into the voluminous recesses of her sleeve, she produced a piece of paper, and daintily wrapping up one of the cakes, put it

into her sleeve, repeating the peculation with the assistance of the other sleeve. Scarcely was this accomplished when Mr. Inouyé came by and stopped to talk to her. It was pretty to see the winning, innocent look with which she conversed with her host, all the time conscious of these two pieces of his cake in her guilty sleeves.

The Imperial share in the festivities of the season was brought to a conclusion some days later by a garden party given in the grounds of the Palace. The Mikado, but a few years ago a sacred personage as jealously hidden from the vulgar gaze as is the miraculously discovered image of Kwan'non in the Temple of Sen-so-ji, has now been educated up to the point of holding two garden parties in a year. One is in the time of the cherry blossom, the other of the blooming of the chrysanthemum. Just now the chrysanthemum is brightening all the highways and by-ways of Japan, and the Sovereign Lord, whose family have for centuries worn the flower as their crest, bade some five hundred guests to see the show in his Palace grounds. Regarded as a flower show, there is nothing in the world equal to the spectacle. Three single plants, occupying a shed of considerable size, displayed between them over twelve hundred perfect flowers.

One counted 413, and the others were less only by few units. In Japan the art of the gardener seems to be guided in the direction of producing a chrysanthemum of feathery form and delicacy, long slender petals rising in exquisite fringe. Of these there were abundant specimens, perhaps nothing rare in colour, but in development of size and graceful form beyond anything dreamt of in the Temple Gardens.

The flowers were worth spending an afternoon with ; but far more curious and striking was the Japanese Court taking the leading part in this modern Western institution of a garden party. The Mikado, dressed, alas ! in European costume, received his guests in a room opening out into the garden. On his left stood the Empress, gorgeously and stiffly arrayed in scarlet robes. In Japan, as in some countries further West, the Imperial colour is red. Walking through the gardens after the reception, I picked up the crimson heel of a shoe, and a few paces ahead saw one of the princesses ambling along with one heel on the ground and the other raised full two inches high, with Imperial affectation of nothing particular having happened.

The Empress wore a voluminous cloak of red silk, richly brocaded with white chrysan-

themums. The wide drooping sleeves opening, disclosed vistas of a yellowy pea-green. An under-skirt of red of darker shade, with scarlet shoes, tipped forward by uncomfortably high heels, completed a costume many sizes too large and bulky for a little person. This was marvellous, but the crowning grace was the arrangement of her hair. It was flattened out something in the shape of an immense banjo, of the thickness of a little finger, the tail being bound with knots of paper such as mutton cutlets are trimmed with, save the fringe. Her face was powdered to a ghastly white, relieved by a dash of crimson on the lower lip.

In spite of all this the Empress has a pretty face, favourably contrasting with the stolid countenance of her liege lord. The Imperial princesses were dressed much the same in respect of colour, the ladies of the Court running to purple and green. All the ladies had their hair dressed in the banjo style, with some slight variation in the mutton-cutlet paper trimming.

The ceremony of presentation was very simple. The guests, being passed by the officers of the household at the entrance, advanced to the end of the room where their Imperial Majesties stood surrounded by their

Court, and made their obeisance first to the Mikado, then to the Empress, and retiring backward, disappeared in the gardens. The Mikado stood impassive, staring straight before him; the Empress, like a pretty wax figure endowed with eyes, showed some curious interest in the two or three European guests, but neither acknowledged the salutation. After the first presentations were over the great body of the guests did not advance up the room, but bowed on entering and again on vanishing through the doorway into the garden. At the further end of the grounds there were three bands of music, which incessantly and distractingly played together the melancholy, monotonous tune which is the national anthem of Japan. The only variety contributed to the proceedings by the bands lay in the fact that the one drafted from the navy was clad in scarlet, whilst the army contingent was in light blue.

A magnificent luncheon was spread in a marquee, at the upper end of which was a pavilion tent with a table set at right angles with the longer one. After a due interval the Mikado, with the Empress on his left, and the many-hued Court following, strolled through the grounds towards the tent. The Mikado, who does not speak any language but his own,

halted here and there before one or other of the Foreign Ministers, of whom there was a full muster. His Majesty's conversational powers are not exhaustive. He, without looking at the Minister, addressed a few monosyllabic remarks to the interpreter. The Minister, bowing low, made courteous response, and the image of Imperial authority, as if wound up afresh, moved on, and went through the same formula with the representative of some other of the Great Powers, who are keenly watching the great and interesting country he rules, but does not govern. Several ladies were presented to the Empress, and found in her a less immobile acquaintance.

The Mikado and his consort were led to the table under the smaller tent, where they took their seat at a table loaded with the choicest viands and abundant wine. The princes of the Imperial family, of whom there were some half-dozen present in military or naval uniform, seated themselves at some distance below the Mikado, on the right. The princesses sat below the Empress, on the left, and below them were disposed the purple and green clad ladies of the Court. Mr. Inouyé, who had stood on the left of the Empress during the presentations, now hospitably engaged himself on behalf of the guests.

No one would have guessed that the plainly dressed gentleman who always kept in the background, looking from afar upon the pageantry of the Court, was Mr. Ito, one of the main factors in the new Empire of Japan. He now busied himself carrying about plates of salad, cold meat, and glasses of wine, his principal State care seeming to be that the Emperor's guests should feel themselves perfectly at home.

Wine was poured out and served to the circle at the Imperial table; but, following the example of the Mikado, no one ate or drank, and his Majesty, after staring straight before him for the space of a quarter of an hour, rose and passed away, with the rainbow throng of red, and green, and purple ladies in train.

dressed in varieties of blue faced with red. The band came out in rainbow tints of sky-blue coats, red trousers with gold stripes, and white plumes in their helmets. As the Imperial Guard strode past the band played a march into which at brief intervals the air of "God Save the Queen" was introduced.

The review over, the Mikado dismounted and withdrew to his tent. Hearing that there were two foreign visitors present, an English M.P. and the present writer, he graciously intimated his desire that they should be presented. This was an act of condescension sufficient to cause his hundred and twenty predecessors on the Imperial throne to turn in their tombs. But it was nothing to what followed. There were two ladies on the ground—one the wife of the hon. baronet alluded to, and the other a young American lady. These also the Mikado desired should be presented, a ceremony gracefully performed in full view of the astonished army.

Mr. Trench, the British Chargé d'Affairs, told me that this was the first time such a thing had been done in the history of Japan, where Court etiquette is preserved with fantastic strictness, and strangers, above all ladies, approach the Imperial presence only through difficult and well-regulated processes

of preparation and ceremony. The incident may appear trifling in a grave narrative, but it really marks an era in the Court life of Japan.

The presentations over, the Emperor returned to his palace, where at eleven o'clock he entertained the Foreign Ministers at breakfast. This was, I gathered from one present, a portentous affair. The Mikado was seated by himself at a table raised on a *daïs*. At another table a few feet distant were the princes of the Imperial family. The representatives of foreign Powers sat by themselves at a third table. The solemn gravity of the occasion was relieved by the difficulty attendant upon the disposal of the food. The meal was served strictly in Japanese fashion, with the exception of the use of tables and chairs; but there were no knives or forks, only chopsticks.

I have reason to believe that in anticipation of the ordeal more than one of their Excellencies had spent some time on the previous day practising. But the art of eating with chopsticks is not learned in a day, and the efforts made on behalf of England, France, and Germany to secure a mouthful of rice or a piece of fish were not wholly successful. The only Minister who was fully at home was the Chinese, who triumphantly plied his

dressed in varieties of blue faced with red. The band came out in rainbow tints of sky-blue coats, red trousers with gold stripes, and white plumes in their helmets. As the Imperial Guard strode past the band played a march into which at brief intervals the air of "God Save the Queen" was introduced.

The review over, the Mikado dismounted and withdrew to his tent. Hearing that there were two foreign visitors present, an English M.P. and the present writer, he graciously intimated his desire that they should be presented. This was an act of condescension sufficient to cause his hundred and twenty predecessors on the Imperial throne to turn in their tombs. But it was nothing to what followed. There were two ladies on the ground—one the wife of the hon. baronet alluded to, and the other a young American lady. These also the Mikado desired should be presented, a ceremony gracefully performed in full view of the astonished army.

Mr. Trench, the British Chargé d'Affairs, told me that this was the first time such a thing had been done in the history of Japan, where Court etiquette is preserved with fantastic strictness, and strangers, above all ladies, approach the Imperial presence only through difficult and well-regulated processes

of preparation and ceremony. The incident may appear trifling in a grave narrative, but it really marks an era in the Court life of Japan.

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by washing out a decanter that had held sherry, and leaving the liquid to acquire a fine stale flavour.

With the saké was brought a little pot of pickles, chiefly consisting, as far as I was able to identify the ingredients, of sour turnip and sodden celery. The very smell of this dish, which the soul of Japanese loveth, is enough to make a European ill. I first detected it at a house in Yokohama, and thought the drains were out of order. At a dainty and costly Japanese dinner at which a week later I was privileged to sit, a plate of these pickles, vilely smelling, was served to each guest, and I noticed the Japanese ladies and gentlemen ate it with gusto.

Kumagai is a busy little place, doing a big business in cotton and the eggs of silkworms. An industry that is even more in evidence is that of basket-making. These, woven of bamboo, are of all shapes and sizes, are wonderfully cheap, and are the prettiest things imaginable. As in all other Japanese villages we visited, everybody in Kumagai was hard at work. There was, it is true, a temporary cessation of labour on the part of a body of men, women, and children who followed us round dumbly staring. But generally the people went on with their work, evidently pleased with the atten-

tion it attracted from the foreigners. All the implements in use were of the most primitive description. A gang of fourteen men were driving piles preparatory to building a structure of heavier cast than the average Japanese house. Standing on a scaffold, the fourteen men hoisted the ram a few feet, and letting go their hold, it fell with whatever impetus was to be derived from the height it dropped. In precisely the same way we saw a gang of men driving piles for a bridge some fifty miles inland.

A common object in Japanese towns and villages is the rice-pounder. A man, or sometimes a woman, steps on the end of a long beam, at the other end of which a stout piece of wood is fixed at right angles. The weight of the man raises this beam, and when he steps off it falls into the scoop filled with rice, by which treadmill work an appreciable portion is pounded. The same primitive kind of tools are in use through all the earlier processes of rice growing. The rice harvest was in full swing as we drove along, and Sunday though it was, there was no cessation of labour, whether in field or homestead. In a journey of nearly two hundred and fifty miles through this portion of the interior I did not see a single plough. In the course of a subsequent journey through the southern portion of the

island I saw two miserable little things which a man could easily lift, drawn by an undersized ox. In almost universal use is the earliest idea of a plough. It is a spade, with a narrow blade about three feet long. The farmer thrusts this well into the soil, and turning it over on one side, makes a furrow, the action and the result being identical with that of a plough. Only, watching the laborious process, one thinks of the enormous strides agriculture will take in Japan when these rude instruments are cast aside and the plough is put to work.

When the rice is cut and dried it is stripped by the simple process of drawing the heads through a small iron comb, which does a handful at a time. It is threshed by a flail precisely of the same make as that in use in the threshing-floor of Nachon, what time Uzzah put forth his hand to steady the ark of God that David was bringing up from Kirjath-Jearim. When the rice is stripped, it is laid out to dry on mats spread in the sun. In passing through a village these mats covered with rice are frequently to be seen flanking the full length of the road on both sides.

Japan has many arts. Porcelain and earthenware are manufactured in every province. Its enamellers on copper have no rivals in the

world. It has workers in bronze, carvers of ivory, and is the home of lacquer work. But it is essentially an agricultural country living by the fruit of its land. According to the last census, taken in 1880, the total population was thirty-six millions, and of these nearly sixteen millions were farmers in almost equal proportion of sexes. Under the present order of things, dating from the revolution of 1868, the people own the land, paying tax for it to the Government. About three-tenths of the tilled land of Japan is in the hand of small proprietors, who, with their wives and children, do all the farm work. Of the balance, though held in larger sections, there is nothing akin to the large farms of England.

In addition to the population returned as farmers, there is a considerable proportion of farm labourers. An able-bodied farm hand receives wages at about the rate of tenpence a day, with board. As he is almost a vegetarian, his food does not cost much, consisting chiefly of rice, barley, peas, beans, and turnips, with occasional relishes in the shape of eggs or salt fish. Rice is the principal product of the empire, being grown in all its provinces. Tea, silk, and cotton come next, and, in addition, there are grown tobacco, wheat, barley, millet, peas, and beans. Of late years

much attention has been given to the culture of grapes, and the Japanese are not without hope that within the next ten years they may introduce and popularize in Europe a new vintage.

In a barber's shop at Kumagai we saw a man at work in a pink costume of unusual fulness. This was a convict out for the day. It is the custom of Japan to permit convicts under certain conditions to go out and ply their trades, the money received being credited to them when the term of their imprisonment is complete. At Tokio we saw a gang working as excavators. These, labouring in a populous town, were lightly chained to each other to prevent any mistakes. At Kumagai, being a small place, and opportunities for escape being limited, the convict barber was at large, being simply under bond to return to prison when he had shaved his customers.

We took a short cut out of Kumagai, passing through fields and long hamlets rarely visited by the foreigner. It was terribly rough, though full of interest at every step. Our coolies were in high spirits at the prospect of extra pay and an engagement to last for a week. They rushed along through holes and over boulders, shouting warnings to each

other as they came to a fresh obstacle. At noon we came to a broad river, which we crossed, jinrikisha and all, in a ferry boat. There was a strong current running down, but the boatman using a single pole skilfully punted us across. There was a good deal of traffic, junks sailing down to Tokio with country produce. They had curious sails made in slips, sometimes laced together, but not unfrequently flying loose, like so many ribbons. This kind of sail is in use on all the inland seas of Japan. By its means the force of the wind is regulated. When a Japanese sailor wants to take in a reef he unlaces one or more of these strips and the amount of sail is reduced accordingly.

We stopped for tiffin on the other side of the river and had our first taste of Ito's cookery. He is the guide who served his apprenticeship with Miss Bird, and proved a perfect treasure. In height he is fully five feet, and, according to English reckoning, is twenty-one years old, though habits of reflection and constant searching after fresh knowledge made him look forty. In mentioning his age, with the proviso that it was "according to English way of reckoning," he explained that according to Japanese custom age is counted from the first day of January succeed-

ing birth. At that date a child is one year old, whether born the previous January, at Midsummer, or on the 31st of December. Ito made an excellent omelette, which, with a dish of cold tongue and a cup of cocoa, completed a luxurious luncheon. After an hour's rest we were off again, and presently reached the Rei-hei-shi-kaido, the road which used to be followed by the Envoy of the Mikado in his annual pilgrimage to the tomb of the first Shogun at Nikko. This road, one of the great highways of Japan, is in a condition almost as bad as the road leading citywards from the steamboat wharf at New York. I understand that improvement will shortly take place in this respect. Mr. Ito, the Minister of State, recently made a journey over the road, and received a strong impression that the Prefect might find more useful opening for his energy elsewhere. He was accordingly removed, a new Prefect appointed, and already the long-delayed work of road-mending has commenced.

As it was, we were frequently compelled to make *détours* in the woods and fields that flank the highway. In one of these, seamed with the roots of ancient trees, a young gentleman from Glasgow, companion of our voyage, was pitched out. He took great credit to himself and to his gymnastic training that,

whereas the jinrikisha fell on the left side, he tumbled out on the right. But it is easy enough, for I presently did it myself, and Ito, whom long practice has enabled to bring to high perfection the art of sleeping in a jinrikisha, was frequently picked up by the wayside.

This road is for many miles a magnificent avenue of cryptomeria. Tall solemn trees flank the road on either side, often interlacing at the top. The avenue was planted in a bygone age by a Daimio who desired to do honour to the Shogun. The tombs of the Shoguns both at Shiba and Nikko are surrounded by costly presents from the old nobility, who thereby performed a pious act, and at the same time ingratiated themselves with the ruling powers. This offering of a few thousand puny cuttings planted by the roadside was sneered at at the time as a cheap and inadequate way of performing a duty. Now, there is nothing either in stone or metal that equals this magnificent avenue raised to the glory of the Shoguns.

We spent the night at Tochigi, having done thirty-five miles in the jinrikisha. At the thirty-second mile the leader of my tandem team stopped to tie his straw sandal. The wheeler with a merry laugh bowled on

ahead, and having got a few minutes' start, kept it up till the other coolie overtook him and took his share in the pulling again. When we reached the tea-house the coolies washed their feet, covered their semi-nakedness with their cotton blouses, and sat down, contented and happy, to their evening meal. This consisted of two soups, which always introduce a Japanese dinner, a bowl of rice, some eggs, and a dubious vegetable; a meal not too heavy after the day's work, and with the prospect of one on the morrow equally exhausting. For liquid refreshment they had had a cup or two of tasteless tea, the banquet being rounded off by three whiffs from their liliputian pipes.

As for us all preconceived notions of personal discomfort, and even semi-starvation when travelling in the interior, were agreeably dispelled. We had two rooms on an upper floor, spotlessly clean, the straw matting shining with polish, and the walls partially formed of painted screens. There were a table and three chairs, which looked grotesquely out of place, but were nevertheless acceptable. The tea-house provided a small oil lamp and one of those large circular white-paper lanterns which, with the expenditure of a little oil burned through two wicks

like wax matches, diffuse a surprising quantity of soft light. We had brought candles, and two of these stuck in bottles, completed an illumination that left nothing to be desired. For dinner we had mulligatawney soup, roast mutton, and curry with rice—soup and meat out of tins it is true, but skilfully rendered by Ito. This is a fair specimen of our meals throughout the trip, whence it will appear that with a little forethought and a good guide travel has no unusual discomfort in Japan.

I went over before dinner to see the public baths. They consisted of a room about twenty feet long and eighteen broad. At the further end were two tanks of hot water steaming. In one three men were sitting up to their necks, placidly enjoying the refreshment. In the other were as many women. It cannot be said with literal exactness that men and women bathe together; but the partition is not jealously fixed.

In all tea-houses there is a bath varying in size and convenience with the importance of the house. At Tochigi the bath was a recess about twelve feet square. As we passed it on the way to our room, two young men, stark naked, were drying themselves after their bath. I do not like positively to make so grave an assertion without proof; but I have strong

reason to believe that later, just before going to bed, the servants of the tea-house, male and female, took their bath in company.

Our bed was made up on the floor. The process of bed-making consists of laying down two or three wadded quilts; then come our own sheets, brought from Yokohama, and one or more quilts completed the operation. The Japanese do not use a pillow in our sense of the word. They have a small piece of wood something like a clog in shape, and not exceeding it in size. On this they lay their heads, the girls and women serene in the consciousness that their hair will not be disarranged. The wonderful structure of a Japanese head-dress is usually made up once in four days. It is evident that if it were touzled on a down pillow it would have to be dealt with every day. Not weighted with the responsibility of such a *coiffure*, we were glad to have for pillow one of the quilts rolled up, and slept as comfortably as in the best bed in Europe.

Amongst the many evils predicted in advance of the excursion was the incessant attack of fleas, which are reported to abound in Japan. Probably owing to the colder weather, and in something due to the strategic use of insect powder, we were throughout all

this tour, and on a subsequent one in the south, entirely free from this pest. We had for personal attendants in the tea-house two young daughters of the proprietor, as merry as crickets, and regarding the advent of strangers as a huge joke which it behoved them thoroughly to enjoy. They had very pretty ways, kneeling on the threshold of the room as they entered, kneeling again when they withdrew, and always presenting food in this attitude of graceful humility. They chattered all through the meal, regardless of our ignorance of their language. The lady of the party was a subject of never-fading interest. As usual, it was the arrangement of the back hair that chiefly attracted them.

I got a cold bath in the morning under somewhat perilous circumstances, seeing that there was no door to the bath-room and that the passage was the common one of the house. But no one else seemed to mind particularly. Other guests and members of the household freely entered to perform their morning ablutions. There was in one part of the room a small wooden bowl of salt. To this every one came, took out a few pinches, and washed his mouth. Apart from the bath-rooms, the arrangements for a morning wash were very simple. An open gallery runs round the

sleeping rooms. Here are placed a tub of water. You bring your own soap and towels if regarding them indispensable, and, under the high heavens and before the gaping village, you wash.

We started in good time next morning in splendid weather, and with our coolies as fresh as if nothing particular had happened on the previous day. About half the town assembled to see us off, providing a favourable opportunity of studying the various fashions in which the children's hair is arranged. In some cases the head is closely shaved, but more often the hair is fantastically cultivated. A favourite style is to shave the head all round the crown, leaving that covered with hair shaped like a skull cap. Sometimes all is shaved save a few locks over the forehead. Another rather fetching design is to leave a couple of well-defined locks over either ear, just enough to hold the child up by if that were deemed a desirable disciplinary process. The children are disgustingly dirty, the evening bath which forms a daily habit with their parents apparently never being open for them.

Our drive to-day was through a country beautiful beyond description. The mountain range of Nikko, a grey shadow on the horizon when we left Kumagai, was now almost within

reach. We neared it, passing always through this solemn avenue of cryptomeria, with people busy in the fields on either side, gathering in the bountiful rice harvest. Very few horses were met with, and these were chiefly engaged in drawing loads of bamboo. Bundles of the thick end of the cane are laid upon either side of the pack-saddle, the thin ends trailing on the ground far in the rear. Like the coolies, the horses are shod with straw sandals. Of these the consumption must be enormous, since they do not last more than a day or at best two days. When new they cost a penny a pair, and all the high-roads of Japan are strewn with castaways.

We met scores of men dragging incredible burdens in long handcarts. They harness themselves to a rope tied to the axle, the cart is tilted back, and with the rope on shoulder, and body bent forward, they go along up hill or on level roadway. The women take their share in this work as in all others. As we descended a hill we met one with a baby at her back and a rope across her chest manfully tugging at a cart with her husband in the shafts.

Nikko struggles for over a mile up the hill, at the top of which is the tomb of the first and the third, mightiest among the Shoguns. The

tea-house where we stopped is at the top of the village. It was of better style than any we had sojourned in, and it was charged for accordingly. The natural consequence of the more widely known attractions of Japan is discovered in the gradual rise in prices. So recently as two years back seventy-five sen, equal to about three shillings, was the usual price for a day's sojourn in a Japanese tea-house, and for this the foreigner was entitled to board. For the same accommodation, though less ample in respect of sleeping accommodation, the Japanese pay even now eighteenpence a head. Our party was charged at the rate of five shillings a head at Nikko, which, seeing that we took nothing in the way of board except a little rice and a few eggs, was not cheap as compared with the twelve shillings a day, wine included, which we paid at the Grand Hotel at Yokohama. Still the rooms were very pretty and scrupulously clean. We had a suite of three, making the centre one our dining-room. From the balcony outside there was a splendid view of the hills of Nikko.

The larger pretensions of the house were shown, amongst other things, in the bath-room, which stood by itself in a range of buildings flanking the courtyard. This little

house came near to being the scene of a tragedy, which is recorded here as a warning to travellers. Coming back from an excursion to the Chin-zen-ji, the lady of our party went to take a bath. A quarter of an hour later she was discovered, partly dressed, lying insensible across the threshold of the bath-house. These baths are heated with charcoal, and in the great majority, which are built in the passages of the houses, there is always sufficient ventilation to carry away the poisonous fumes. At Nikko, the bath having the rare accommodation of a door, the fumes are retained within the chamber. The lady, having taken her bath, was dressing, when she was suddenly overpowered. She had just strength to struggle towards the door, against which she fell. Fortunately the door opened outwards, and she got her head in the passage. Had the door opened from the inside there could have been only one result from an accident which in all probability would not have been discovered for half an hour.

We had bought a pheasant on the road, paying as much as one and eightpence for it; dear, Ito admitted, but the season had only just commenced. It was small, but full of flavour, and proved a great addition to our funeral tinned-meats. At daybreak I

was awakened by an unmistakable British voice crying aloud for a towel. Looking out at the courtyard, I saw a gentleman whom we had passed on the road standing bare-footed and dripping wet by a bucket of water in which he had been washing. He had only at this critical moment discovered that the Japanese do not regard the towel as an absolutely necessary appanage to a toilet set.

"Towel!" roared the wet and angry Briton to the trembling Japanese who stood there ready and willing to go anywhere and do anything, if he only knew what.

"Heich?" the Japanese said, aimlessly hovering about.

"*Tow-el! tow-el!*" the Britisher roared, trying all possible forms of accentuation in the hope that one might strike a chord of intelligence in the mind of this ineffably stupid man.

The Japanese evidently began to think that whatever might be wanted, it would be safer for him to go and look for it inside, and not to be in a hurry coming back.

"*Tow-el!*" the Englishman roared again.

"Heich!" said the Japanese, and ran nimbly into the house.

But he did not come back again, and the Englishman, after stamping round, disappeared in his own room, partially dried in the wind.

I learnt from him later that he had had a good deal of trouble from this unpardonable and unaccountable ignorance of the English language among Japanese in the interior. He had walked for fifty miles through glorious scenery, heading for Nikko. The only word he could pronounce in the Japanese tongue was "Nikko," and by dint of repeating this he got along moderately well. His main difficulty was in the matter of food. He lived chiefly on rice and tea, and had arrived at the tea-house on the previous night half-famished.

I fancy that in the best of circumstances he was naturally of an irascible temperament. But, after living on rice and tea for two days, to reach Nikko and find no towel after he had trustfully washed himself was, he admitted, more than he could bear without protest.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TOMBS OF THE SHOGUNS.

THE famous shrines of Nikko lie outside the town, at the foot of the hills on the other side of the bustling river Daiyd-Gawa. The town itself was not born yesterday, but the temples and tombs count their years by centuries. There is record of a Buddhist temple here in the middle of the eighth century. The importance of Nikko dates from the seventeenth, when Iyeyasu, the founder of the mighty race of Tycoons who for 250 years held imperial sway in Japan, was buried here. The first Tycoon—or Shogun, as he was earlier called—was deified, and religion was called in to aid courtiership in making Nikko a holy place. The vassals of the reigning Shogun vied with each other in the magnificence of the presents with which they endowed the tomb of the founder of the race. A prince of the Imperial blood became Abbot of Nikko, and through

the year solemn processions were made to the tomb.

In 1868, when the revolution broke the power of the Shoguns, there was a Prince-Abbot of the Mikado's family at the head of the monastery. The Shogun party played their last card when they seized him, carried him off to the North, and proclaimed him Mikado. Victory still clung to the banners of the reigning Mikado. The young pretender surrendered, the power of the Tycoon was irretrievably broken, and with his fall much of the glory of Nikko has departed.

There are two bridges across the river leading to the temples and the tombs. One is painted a bright red, of the glaring colour in which the temples flame forth. It was built in the year 1638, and it is boasted that since then the cost of repairs has been merely nominal. This is the less marvel since the bridge is very rarely used, being opened only once or twice a year for pilgrim processions, and for the rest being close barred. A little lower down the stream is the more ordinary-looking and much more useful structure over which traffic passes without restriction. Crossing this, turning to the left and walking up the bank lined on either side with cedars, we come upon a temple, the name of which

being translated is "the Hall of the Three Buddhas." These three Buddhas are the Thousand-Handed Kwan-non, the Horse-headed Kwan-non, and Amida Nio-Rai. The title of the Thousand-Handed Kwan-non is rather boldly assigned, since the great gilt doll that bears the name has only forty arms—quite enough, it is true, but it is well to be exact, and a good deal happens between forty and a thousand.

On the matting before these images copper coins were sprinkled, the gifts of the faithful. They were minute in value, being almost exclusively *rin*, ten of which go to make a halfpenny. Some had placed their offerings in paper, a mark both of deeper respect and greater affluence, as seldom less than five *rin* were placed in the packets, and occasionally the contents ran as high as ten. The money-box forms a prominent feature in all the temples. There is none here approaching the proportions of the vast gridiron into which *rin* are rained at Asakusa on the fête day of the God of Happiness. But each shrine has its money-box outside, while single gifts in coin may, without incurring reproach, be strewed on matting before the god whom it is desired to propitiate.

In truth the hat goes round with great per-

sistence in the temples of Japan, whether Buddhist or Shinto. On approaching nearly every one of these sacred halls, wherever situated, the visitor will note a hoarding, sometimes two or three, erected upon upright wooden posts, and covered with writing, just like the advertisements in railway stations or on hoarding before unfinished buildings. These boards are truly advertisements, but have about them nothing relating to the modern bill-poster. Each strip of wood contains a record of the name of a donor to the building or sustentation fund in connection with the temple, together with the amount presented. I was not able to learn where this clever device was first essayed; but it has proved highly successful and is now common in all the temples. Any man at the expenditure of a few *yen* may have his name thus set up on high in holy places.

Before the Hall of the Three Buddhas is a curious sun-dial, consisting of an upright post. From the shadow cast on the ground the time is ascertained and the great bell struck. This most musical instrument stands on a mound a little to the right of the temple. As the hours come round a man mounts up to the bell, and with the whole weight of his body pulls back a wooden ram slung at right angles with the

bell. This being released falls back and strikes the bronze casting, and through the valleys, up the hills and across the little town of Nikko, there floats a note of exquisite melody.

At the back of the temple is a black pillar crowned with a series of six gilded cups in the form of lotus flowers. This grim copper column is erected to celebrate the memorable feat of an early bishop of the Buddhist Church, who in honour of the first Shogun read at a single stretch the ten thousand books of Buddha. This feat occupied him seven days, during which neither meat nor drink passed his lips, only the names of Buddha. By the side of this well-authenticated feat Mr. Biggar's famous effort, when in the House of Commons he through four hours read Blue Books to the Speaker and the clerks at the table, becomes of small account. Zigen-daishi was the name of this hero, in whose too-early birth Mr. Parnell lost the opportunity of securing a notable follower.

Behind this temple is a smaller one, on the pillars of which are pasted numerous slips of paper containing the names and addresses of pilgrims who have wended their way hither from all parts of the Empire. The way to the tomb of the first Shogun leads up a broad

stone stairway, with ancient cryptomeria towering on either side. These steps are called "the steps of a thousand measures," because there are ten of them, and on each a hundred men may stand. At the top is the granite *torii*, or archway, presented to the temple by one of the princes who helped to establish the power of the first Shogun. The height of the arch is a little over twenty-seven feet, and the diameter of the columns is three feet six inches. The stone which forms the gateway at the top is composed of a single block of granite. How it was brought here from the distant quarries where it was delved is an unexplained marvel. Our local guide told us that when the *torii* was being erected the workmen stood upon piles of bags of rice which finally reached within three feet of the summit. When the work was finished the bags were cut open, and the poor people of Nikko spent a pleasant time.

Passing under the *torii* into the courtyard, we come upon a lofty pagoda of blazing red and a quieter but more interesting memorial in the shape of an old tree carefully guarded with a gray stone paling. This we learned was the identical tree which, when it was not too large to go into a pot, the first Shogun carried about with him when he went on

journeys. Coming out of one of the temples we passed a small chapel in which passively sat a figure dressed in white robes. I took it to be a priest, but the guide said it was a woman, and if I put some money in the ever-open box she would dance. We deposited coin, a few halfpence, and the figure promptly rising at the chink of money went through a melancholy kind of dance, accompanied by the shaking of bells which she held in her hand. It was over in a few seconds, the conclusion being announced by the priestess bowing till she touched the ground with her forehead, and then resuming her passive attitude, waiting till some one else came by with a few coppers to spare.

It is behind these temples, reached through a beautiful approach of gray stone steps, with moss-grown walls, the sunlight peeping through the trees beyond, that the tomb of the great Shoguns lie. Here, remote from human life, sleeps the great soldier Iyeyasu and his greater grandson Iyemitsu, the one the founder, the other the consolidator of the mighty line of Shoguns. Their moss-grown graveyards are girt about with solemn cedars, and the only sound that breaks the stillness of the place is the sighing of the wind through the branches.

The tombs are impressive by reason of their simplicity; but I confess that the red temples with their gilt and gingerbread gods had nothing to say to me. There is some wonderful carving, but it is whitewashed and painted till the patient art of the carver is piteously obscured. Supposing the outside of Westminster Abbey were painted a bright red and some of its choicest carvings in the interior were picked out with blue and vermillion, what a glory would be departed from the nation! Yet it is thus that at Nikko the Japanese have dealt with what they are disposed to regard as their best shrines.

During the heyday of the power of the Shoguns the paint was laid on afresh once in twenty years. Now that the power is broken, and it is not the policy of the present Government to keep its memory green, there is hope of the shrines of Nikko improving as the gaudy colours fade and the paint is rubbed off the carvings.

In the afternoon we walked to the falls of Kiri-furi, taking a wide sweep round the base of To-Yama. It is in turning from the temples in Nikko, and looking for a moment on the works of nature spread around, that one feels most angrily impressed with the vulgarity of the painted structures. Just now Nature is

putting on her richest colours, some brighter than any which variegates the temples. The maple and mountain ash flame blood-red through the woodland, and the birch is running through all the tints of yellow. The sky is the brightest blue, the river rushing down to the sea is a foaming white; yet all these colours blend in exquisite harmony and compose a scene to which one is glad to turn from the pinchbeck grandeur of the pagan shrines.

The walk to Kiri-furi is not far, even for a lady, and the *kago*, or basket chair, which we took with us was scarcely used. The pathway turns and winds through scenes of ever-varying beauty till suddenly we come upon the waterfall, a gleam of white foam falling through a bank of autumn foliage. Regarded as a waterfall it is not much, but its setting makes it exquisite.

The walk to Chinzenji is a somewhat different affair, it being a good sixteen miles there and back, with some stiff climbing before the mountain lake is reached. The weather looked very doubtful, but we determined to start, doubt being presently solved by the commencement of a downpour of rain which practically lasted through the day. We had a *kago* and four men, an indispensable escort for a

lady on this trip. On the outskirts of a little village near Nikko we had the good fortune to purchase two waterproofs, made of oiled paper, a beautiful yellow in hue. They were a little lacking in fit, but not much can be expected for half a crown, the price of the two. They prove invaluable during the journey, resisting the persistent rain, and adding but two or three ounces to the weight of the walking costume.

The way to the lake leads by the winding path which the river has won for itself on its way from the lake through the mountains. Many times we crossed the river by rustic bridges, pausing to look down at the steel blue water gliding over gigantic stones and dashing itself in foam at their feet. Half-way up is a farm-house. On the lintel of the dwelling were pasted three charms, one for keeping away general sickness, the second specially concerned with fever, and the third warranted to bring general happiness to the proprietor. The charm against fever represented a devil in a highly dislocated state, this peculiarity being due not to intention so to represent him, but to the fact that the picture is produced by drawing a brush dipped in black paint over a stamped metal pattern.

"Very stupid," Ito said, looking at this

with the clear eyes of a believer in the Shinto faith. "Only very old womens and men believe in that."

Observations subsequently made over a wide extent of the interior convinced me that in such case "old womens and men" must form the largest proportion of the agricultural population of Japan. These charms were the rule rather than the exception.

Chinzenji is one of the most famous show places in Japan, attracting natives as well as foreigners. It was curious to note that the Japan 'Arry has the same passion as his brother from London for carving his imperishable name on memorial trees and stones. Only to the uninformed eye 'Arry's name traced in Japanese characters has a respectable, even an imposing appearance.

The last hour's climbing up to the level of the lake tests the strength of wind and limb; but the four *kaga* men, bearing their burden lightly, stepped it, murmuring a monotonous chant which, though not musical, helped them to keep step and in other more occult ways seemed to do them good. There is a splendid view of the lake from the tea-house, and a really big waterfall on the way back. We saw little but the rain, one gleam of sunshine fortuitously opening at a turn in the steep

descent showing what it might be in other circumstances of weather. As it was, it was well worth doing. We saw it in the green leaf, and cheerfully resolved to imagine what it would be in the dry.

After dinner we had the accustomed visit from the curio men, made the more exigent on their part by the knowledge that this was our last night in Nikko, and if we did not now buy a few carved ivories, a sword or two, an armful of lacquer boxes, and, above all, that exquisite little cabinet, inlaid, lacquered, and ivory-mounted, really not dear at £20, they would have no other chance. The curio men are one of the institutions of foreign travel in Japan. They live in the places principally resorted to by Europeans, and take note of every fresh arrival. On the afternoon of the Mikado's birthday, when we lunched at the British Embassy at Tokio, the drawing-room was crowded with curio men who had heard there were guests, and scented business from afar. They entered the house uninvited, but not unwelcome, for there are worse ways of spending an hour in the afternoon than in examining the varied stores of a Japanese pedler. They fully recognize the justice of the understanding that since no one asked them to come there is no compulsion of buying, and

they also know by experience that in the course of the season they get through a deal of trade.

At Mikko the curio men hunt in triplets. The panel of sitting-room or bedroom noiselessly draws back. A figure in Japanese costume glides in, bowing low and making that curious noise of sucking in the breath which with the Japanese is meant to be at once self-depreciatory and exaltatory of the presence in which he stands. The first figure having deposited a bundle on the floor, a second glides in, and after due interval a third. A timid stranger, unaware of the custom, and recalling earlier habits of the Japanese in presence of the foreigner, might well suppose his last hour had come, and that these softly-treading, darkly-clad, mysterious personages with bundles were his executioners.

It is a matter of honour among curio men, and in accordance with the polite habits of the people, that one man shall not interfere with another's prospects by unduly thrusting his wares under notice. While ostensibly observing this rule one of the three curio men of Nikko, a tall, crafty-looking man, who always secured the central place of the group, had a notable way of pushing his goods. While you were looking at something submitted by No. 1

or No. 2, a brown hand, holding a piece of carved ivory or a lacquered box, would slowly move across the table, placing the article under the eyes of the purchaser. A violent sucking in of breath followed, and then a low voice solemnly intoning—

“Ver-ry old; ver-ry cheap; num-ber one.”

If you asked the price, the prefatory form of answer was always the same. Drawing himself up to full height, and holding up both hands, with fingers outstretched to assist in the enumeration, he began slowly and solemnly to intone—

“Wa-an price—ve-ry old—num-ber one—ve-ry cheap”—(fingers beginning to work like a semaphore)—“twenty-four yen”—(prolonged gust of indrawn breath)—“shifty sen.”

“Shifty” was as near as he could get to the pronunciation of fifty, having just sucked in half the cubic measurement of air in the room. The “wa-an price” was meant to indicate that, whereas other curio men, knowing the habit of foreigners promptly to offer half the price first named, stuck it on with deliberate intention to take it off if pressed, this paragon of perfection, this inexorably just dealer, had merely added a small commission on the amount of his original purchase, and was not to be beaten down.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROADSIDE AND RIVER.

WE left Nikko at eight o'clock in the morning, our cavalcade as usual the centre of a dumbly staring throng comprising one-third of the population of the village. As we dashed down the uneven street with a stream of fresh water running in the middle, another third of the population, chiefly women, were kneeling on either side, washing pots, pans, kettles, dishes, everything but the children. These last were running about, hideous in their dirt, yet withal plump and well made.

In those reforms which the wise and far-seeing statesmen who now rule Japan are pressing forward, it should not be difficult to introduce one on behalf of the children who swarm in the streets of country hamlets. When Mr. Ito (not our guide, but the Minister of State) recently made his journey to Nikko his quick eye noticed the condition of the

roads, and his practical hand promptly plucked at the root of the evil. He must have seen something worse in the pitiable state of the children, which varies only in degree of dirt and consequent disease whatever road be taken through the interior. The Japanese Government, with all its newly grafted Western ideas, is essentially paternal. It should not be difficult to make and enforce a few simple sanitary rules on behalf of the children. Their mothers and fathers could not take it unkindly, since they are scrupulously clean about their own persons, and would rather go without their evening meal than their evening bath.

At the end of the long street which is Nikko stretches a shady avenue of cryptomeria, with the sunlight gleaming at the far end. In hot summer weather this must be a grateful place for the dusty traveller, like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." In November the mornings are like those in late spring in England, and almost as leafy, though the trees have taken on autumn tints. In addition the chrysanthemum is blooming in every garden, and often by the wayside. The rice harvest is in full swing, and close by the brown wet earth whence the crop has been cut there are long furrows in which bright green shoots of

some other crop boldly stand up. So fruitful is the soil of Japan when skilfully treated, and so kind the weather, that in many places two crops are garnered in every year.

I read a good deal about Japan before starting to visit the country, and it is with ever-increasing astonishment I recall the fact that from no book did I get the impression that Japan is a country beautiful to look upon. Yet it is surprisingly fair in all the varieties of hill and dale, fruitful plain, and water everywhere.

We stopped at Osawa for tiffin, Ito providing for us in the accustomed civilized, bountiful style, whilst the men who had run twenty miles since morning contentedly ate their eggs and rice, deftly fishing the latter out of bowls with their chopsticks. Across the beam of the tea-house were pasted sheaves of little bits of paper, being the introductions of travellers who have stayed there. These letters of introduction form a connecting link between series of tea-houses throughout the country. One landlord passes his guests on to a friend at the next stage, as he has guests recommended to him from the preceding halting-place. The abundance of these scraps of paper testifies to the popularity of the tea-house.

At Osawa we were introduced to a fowl of great and peculiar beauty, though not unknown to poultry shows in England. He was of perfect shape, of bantam size, and his manifold feathers were turned the wrong way. As he strutted about, conscious of the important part he was playing in maintaining the prestige of Japan, the tip of his tail feathers tickled his comb with a persistency maddening to a bird inspired with less lofty purpose. Ito was much interested in this phenomenon, and wondered how it was brought about. At Nikko there is a temple where a portion of the elaborate carved work on a pillar is turned the wrong side up, with intent to defeat the malign purpose of evil spirits. It is believed that if the temple were finally completed, the demons, envious of its perfection, would destroy it. Therefore a few inches of the carving is turned the wrong way to show that the building "is not finished." Remembering this, I suggested that the bird's feathers were turned the wrong way to show that it was not finished.

"I don't think it's that," Ito said, though there was no tone of strong conviction in the assertion.

Poultry is the one live stock in which Japan may glory. The horses are miserable;

the cattle—what there is of them—are stunted and ill-fed ; the dogs are the veriest curs, not worth the trouble of tying round their necks the little wooden labels on which are written the names and addresses of their owners. But poultry are abundant. They take kindly to their food, and though not particularly good when brought to table, yield large returns in the way of eggs.

More rice fields on both sides of the road all the way to Omayya, men, women, and children busy in the fields, and the old men and women at home spreading out the rice on the drying mats. We passed a little mite, certainly not more than four years old, trotting along the road bravely carrying a big teapot in front, balanced by a baby strapped on her back. Placed in the scales, baby and teapot would have made the little woman in the other scale kick the beam ; but having them once fixed on, and being set going, she trotted along, dressed in clothes exactly like her mother's, cut short to her size.

We reached Omayya just before dusk, completing forty-six miles in the day, and having done one spurt of fourteen miles in an hour and three-quarters. Ito does not think much of this. We have each two coolies, whilst he has done fifty-five miles in a day with a single

man. Moreover, there are three men in Tokio who can do seventy miles in a day, and one, a prince among his fellows, who does this distance within twelve hours.

Whilst dinner was being made ready I wandered about the roomy kitchen of the tea-house, and held a good deal of conversation with its inmates, scarcely any the less interesting because neither understood the other. The Japanese are such a good-tempered, merry race that it is a pleasure to talk with them, even when nothing comes of it. The ground floor of the tea-house, open to the street—silent save for the voice of the blind shampooer calling for custom—formed a striking picture. Outside, after the manner of the old English inn, there swung a sign-board covered with cabalistic signs, whose meaning was plain enough to the way-worn native traveller. There was no door, porch, or entrance hall. The front of the house had simply been taken down or pushed back, disclosing a long, low interior, its recesses and unexpected nooks dimly lighted with oil lamps and here and there a Chinese lantern.

From the thick and blackened beams of the ceiling hung sheaves of letters of recommendation, mementos of vanished travellers. The room on the left, by day a passage and by night

a bedroom, had, all to itself, an oblong lantern eight feet long, furnished with farthing-candle power, but diffusing a wonderful soft light. It was well it was not too brilliant, for a little further on, in a recess, leading out of the main passage, was the bath-room with four men naked and not ashamed. On the right, a few steps along the raised matted floor, which no boot or shoe has ever pressed, was a broad flight of eight steps, leading to the only upper story. Little waiting maidens, always chattering and laughing, were running up and down serving the dinner of the native guests.

The kitchen ran the full length of the house, behind the staircase. It was full of twinkling lights, amid which moved dusky figures bent on domestic duty. On the right, behind a charcoal stove with many openings for pots and pans, stood the Japanese cook in the flush of evening work. A little lower down, kneeling over a modest hibaichi, was Ito cooking our dinner. The glow of the fire reflected on his face, brought out the supernatural gravity with which he tested the savoriness of the mullagatawny.

In a dark shadow, in a part of the kitchen nearest the street, squatted an old gentleman, with head closely shaven save for a love-lock over his left ear. He was making tea by a fire

sunk in the floor—only making believe to brew tea, I suspect, his principal interest being to retain a snug place by the fire. As he spread his skinny hands over the glowing charcoal and felt the fire, the expression of his face resolved itself into a fixed mild smile, that began on his thin lips, illuminated his bare, brown face, and shone with subdued lustre over his shiny, shaven head.

Our bedroom, which served also the purpose of dining-room, was neat and clean. Over one wall was a large scroll with writing on it. I thought this was what is known in Japanese house-furnishing as “a poem.” But Ito explained that it was an injunction to temperance.

“If you drink,” Ito literally translated it, “you will miss your hairs,” a poetical fancy which seems to require some thinking over as a preliminary to comprehension.

We started from Omay to catch the steamer at Koga, our men trotting merrily along as if they had been resting through the earlier days of the week. It was again a bright English May morning, so clear that among the clouds in the horizon to the left we could distinguish the white cap of Fuji. We had a desperate rush to catch the steamer, and would have failed but for a

strategic movement on the part of Ito. Taking on a fresh coolie, he went in advance, and reached the pier just as the little steamer had got into the middle of the stream, and was heading for Tokio. In obedience to Ito's signals the steamer obligingly put back and awaited our arrival. It also waited till Ito had concluded a purchase of crockery, for we were to lunch on board, and plates are not included in the odd property of a river steamer.

It was a curious little craft, with paddle-wheels, and a hurricane deck on which passengers stepped from shore, and, whence in reaching the cabin they made a perilous descent on to the bulwarks. Captain, officers, engineer, and crew, about seven all told, were in a condition of wild excitement on discovering the nationality of their passengers. As far as they were concerned, Ito might have lingered to buy up all the plates in Koga so long as they were permitted to revel among our belongings. Our coats, our dress, our pipes, and our boots were in turn the object of their curious regard. But the great object of interest was a pair of air-cushions, which, by the way, persons about to make a journey in jinrikisha should never be without. These puzzled them beyond measure, till the captain

observing the brass nozzle, ventured to blow into it. To see it gradually inflate filled them with unalloyed delight. The first mate (who had apparently been having his watch below, and, called up by a sudden alarm, had forgotten to put on his trousers) seized upon the second cushion and blew into it till I was obliged to take it from him. Another blast and it would have burst.

All this time the crowd on the beach had been gathering, including a large contingent of two-headed children. There was some fear that we should never get away; but Ito having come aboard, and a deputation of two jinrikisha men having come down to bow their acknowledgments of a little present made in recognition of their manful work, the engineer, who had not been able to get hold of one of the air-cushions, spitefully blew his whistle, ropes were cast off, and we moved out into the eddying yellow stream of the Tonegawa.

We passed onward through a level and sparsely populated country. The banks were flanked with willow trees, and now and then, from under their overhanging shadow, we disturbed a flock of wild ducks. We steamed past several junks floating with the current, and by many men fishing out of punts.

Our young gentleman from Glasgow was at this stage of the journey the most interesting feature in the landscape. Seated on the deck, his boots, at any time an appreciable object on a square acre of ground, came into full and prominent view. They were shooting boots, made to his order, with exaggerated soles spreading beyond the uppers and the tops lacing well above his ankles. The bare-footed Japanese crew regarded these monstrosities first with awe, then with an overmastering curiosity that brought them, at whatever risk, to group themselves on the deck around the boots.

I suppose some one was steering the steamer, and I could see the anxious engineer with his body thrust upward through the circular hole that gave ingress to the engine-room; but I declare there was no look-out, every other man of the crew from the captain downward being seated round the young gentleman from Glasgow, examining his pipe, feeling the texture of his Scotch tweed, running their fingers over his ribbed stockings, or glancing sideways at his boots. He, on his part, freely entered into conversation with them, having great faith in the English language when slightly improved by use in Glasgow. Moreover, he had a small glossary of Japanese words.

With this in his hand he managed to conduct a conversation of much length, though of doubtful meaning. When in a fix, and having slowly repeated syllable by syllable what he had to say in the English tongue, he finally put his mouth to the ear of his interlocutor and bawled the words over again, as if deafness naturally accounted for the difficulty of comprehension.

At length the united efforts of the captain and crew succeeded in making clear that they wanted him to take his boots off. One naturally supposed that the steamer being so small they wanted to trim her; but as they left the boots together on the same side of the vessel they were probably afraid of the ravages of the nails upon their deck. When the excitement had subsided and the crew returned to their posts, I saw the captain heave alongside, take up one of the boots, gaze reflectively upon its broad, spike-studded sole, put it gently down, and go away. After a few more turns he would stop, take up the boot again, turn it over in his hand, and replace it. In the afternoon, coming on deck after luncheon, we caught the first mate (still without his trousers) in the act of trying on the boots.

Right away in the stern of the little

steamer, only approachable with infinite peril of tumbling overboard, was a minute cabin registered for the conveyance of sixteen passengers. If the sixteen had been herrings they might have been packed in, but it was difficult to see how any other kind of passengers could be so dealt with. Nevertheless, if we wanted deliverance from casual passengers, we three must pay sixteen fares, which, in the end, we did, the total amounting to a little less than £3.

Forward of our cabin, separated from it only by sliding panels with glass windows, was another cabin. There was no one in it when we went on board, but presently it began to fill, and long before we reached Tokio we had ceased to regret the little extravagance in the matter of a private cabin. An hour out, we began to pick up passengers. Thereafter they came and went on crowded wharfs through miles and miles of country gradually increasing in signs of life and labour. The steamer did not always stop to be moored at the wharf. Out from some little ferry would shoot a punt with a solitary passenger on board. The steamer slowed but did not take the trouble to cast out a rope. When the punt got alongside, the passenger, taking off his clogs, threw them on board, then jumped on

himself. The steamer puffed ahead, and the punt soon faded in the distance.

All the native passengers before touching the spotless deck of the steamer took off their clogs. One of the crew, or possibly it was the purser, handed each a wooden check, a corresponding one was tied on the clog, and as the passengers departed the clogs were claimed.

At a place called Saki the river divides, and the little steamer went through a difficult and dangerous passage to reach the branch that leads to Tokio. What had frequently been threatened occurred, and she ran aground. After a desperate struggle she was pushed off and safely reached the pier at Saki, where a great crowd of passengers awaited her arrival. Saki is a busy place, with a considerable number of junks and sampans, a double row being fastened to the wall. The river junk is a Japanese home, and we saw varied domestic arrangements going forward in these lying quietly moored. Looking at one junk slowly making its way into the broad stream, we saw two naked bronzed figures under the overhanging stern. It seems to be the maritime habit of Saki that when a junk puts out two of the crew jump overboard and push her from the stern through the shallow water,

which not infrequently merges in a mud bank.

Passengers came on board, squatted on the floor of the cabin next to ours, sitting as near the hibachi as possible, though the sun was streaming hotly down out of a cloudless sky. Most of them were smoking, men and women. They seemed to pass the time pleasantly enough, bowing recognitions or farewells, chatting, smoking, and laughing. At five o'clock we turned into the canal and made our way through a densely populated quarter of this suburb of Tokio. The canal, which lay almost due west, was the pathway of the setting sun and was ablaze with splendour in the borrowed rays.

The town itself was not without interest seen from this new approach. But the captain, through Ito, earnestly besought us not to remain on deck. It seems the little boys of Tokio have discovered that it is very hard to catch them after they have thrown stones at the steamer as it makes its way through the canal. Accordingly, with the pleasant humour peculiar to little street boys in all parts of the world, they stone the steamer, not without result, as some broken windows in the cabin testify. But we did not remain below long. It was worth risking

something to pass through this busy hive of life, with the Chinese lanterns beginning to glint amid the growing dusk, and all the glory of the setting sun crowning the head of Fuji.

CHAPTER XIX.

A JAPANESE THEATRE.

WE reached Tokio in time for dinner, after having in six days travelled two hundred and fifty miles by a circuitous route. It may be useful to know that the journey cost us, a party of three, a trifle over £36, or £2 each per day. On arriving at the hotel we remarked that Ito was coming along with our baggage. The mention of our guide's name had a remarkable effect upon the landlord. His face lighted up with joyous recognition.

"Ito!" he explained. "Ito great friend of mine. His house burned down last night; everything lost; his mudder burned out."

It is a long time since I have seen a man in such a state of exultation. That he should by good luck be the very first to tell Ito this great news, after a sojourn of six days out of the reach of letters or newspapers! Ito might

have gone straight home to Yokohama, and then some one else would have told him. Whilst I was wondering how I could keep this really amiable man from Ito, or at least induce him to break the news gently, the guide himself appeared. The landlord made a dash at him, and seizing him by the hand as if to congratulate him on some momentarily happy event, he cried—

“Ito, your house burned down last night; I got telegram.”

Ito was evidently stunned at the blow thus ruthlessly dealt. It was only yesterday he had been telling me how he had bought the house just two months ago, and set his “mudder” and sister up in it. Now it was gone; and Japanese houses are never insured, for the sufficient reason that no insurance company will grant policies.

“Well,” he said, after a pause, during which the landlord had been eagerly scanning his face, “it can’t be helped.”

This was disappointing. But the landlord had other shots in his locker.

“Everyting burnt up,” he cried.

“Well,” said Ito, with a brave little smile, “it can’t be helped.”

Things were looking hopeless. Now was the time to bring up all reserves.

Our young gentleman from Glasgow was at this stage of the journey the most interesting feature in the landscape. Seated on the deck, his boots, at any time an appreciable object on a square acre of ground, came into full and prominent view. They were shooting boots, made to his order, with exaggerated soles spreading beyond the uppers and the tops lacing well above his ankles. The bare-footed Japanese crew regarded these monstrosities first with awe, then with an overmastering curiosity that brought them, at whatever risk, to group themselves on the deck around the boots.

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a crack company, and the piece chancing to be one of the most characteristic and widely popular.

The theatre at Tokio is a new one of immense size, and was on the night of our visit densely crowded, notwithstanding the fact that the prices are, by comparison with English theatres, surprisingly high. But then, as Ito observed, you can stay all day if you like. Theatre-going in Japan is a serious social undertaking. The doors open early in the morning, and the performance is not over till ten o'clock at night. Thus, when the Japanese go to the theatre, they literally make a day of it.

There is in connection with the theatre at Tokio a tea-house, where refreshments are obtainable at reasonable prices. This is within the building, and people who have once obtained entrance are permitted freely to pass from the theatre to the tea-room. But there must arise occasions when, in the course of the day, there comes to persons a desire to leave the theatre. The head of the family may want to go home to look through his correspondence, or to transact an hour's business, by way of foil to the exciting pleasure of the drama. In such case a device is brought into use worthy the attention of

English theatre managers. Instead of receiving a pass-out check, the patron of the drama holds out his right hand, and on the wrist the attendant stamps a mark, which has the advantage of not being transferable. Hence there is at the door of the Japanese theatre no crowd of boys or men begging for "your check." All one who has been out has to do on returning is to show his wrist, and he is passed in.

Theatre-going being essentially a family arrangement places are disposed of accordingly. There are, of course, no chairs, every one squatting on the floor. But in the Tokio theatre the auditorium is broken up into something like sheep-pens, in which family circles or companies of friends squat. Everywhere there is the hibachi and the everlasting pipe. Men and women fill the minute pipe, thrust it in the live ashes of hibachi, take their three whiffs, and then knock out the dust, presently beginning the process over again.

On the night of our visit there was a special attraction in the nearest approach to a ballet permitted by Japanese customs. A body of forty-three dancing girls had been engaged, and, since dancing on the public stage is an innovation in Japan, there was a great rush to see it. The girls themselves were handsomely

paid, and, by way of compromise with a consciousness of infringing immemorial custom, they handed over their wages to a local charity. This is all very well to begin with. But there is no doubt the thin end of the wedge has been inserted, and within twelve months this exceedingly modest approach to the ballet will be further pursued.

The dance itself was to the Western taste a melancholy and soul-depressing performance. Forty-three damsels, dressed precisely as if they had walked off a Japanese tea-tray, moved in a single file across the stage and adown the gangway running at right angles with the stage, and passing through the mass of the audience in the pit. This is a peculiarity of the Japanese theatre which is really very effective. Instead of the actors and actresses entering from right or left of the stage, or from behind the scenes, they walk on to the stage, as it were, out of the pit. The green-room, instead of being at the back of the stage, is at the front of the house, and there are two gangways, one for approach and the other for exit.

Another striking peculiarity, and I venture to think an improvement in the Japanese stage carpentry, is that the scenes revolve upon an axis, something on the principle of

the merry-go-round at the fair. There is no dragging of scenes hither and thither by heated supers, and no necessity for waits. A scene is "set" by a revolution of the machinery which brings not only the scene, but the actors, in full view of the audience. When the scene is played out there is another turn at the crank, scene eighty is ground out of sight, and scene eighty-one comes on. In cases where an untimely death takes place on the stage, and, the scene not being closed, it is not desirable altogether to change it, two figures draped in black, with black hoods over their heads, enter and remove the corpse. According to common understanding these hooded figures are supposed to be invisible.

In Western countries the movements of stage machinery are directed from the privacy of the side wings. In Japan, on the left-hand side of the stage facing the audience, there kneels a man with a piece of wood in either hand, shaped after the fashion of a clog. When a scene is to be changed he raps on the floor with the clogs, and the machinery moves. His duties are further extended in the direction of imitating footsteps. Thus an actor entering by one of the gangways already described, his approach is heralded by an

excellent imitation of running footsteps played by the man with the clogs; only there is this peculiarity about it, that, reversing the ordinary state of affairs, he begins the pattering of feet in the distance with tremendous rapping, which cleverly dies away to the slightest tapping as the footsteps approach nearer to the stage, and might therefore be presumed to be more audible. On the other hand, a kettledrum, which forms a prominent feature in the orchestra, occasionally, and apparently *apropos des bottes*, begins to be beaten with slow tapping, increases at tremendous speed, until it reaches a deafening roar, at which it stops as suddenly and as inconsequentially as it began.

The orchestra is composed partly of instrumentalists and partly of vocalists. Both sit in a cage on either side of the stage, the front being fenced by a gauzy trellis-work, through which the figures are dimly discerned. Whilst the drum suddenly goes off in a kind of epileptic fit, and a most unmusical thrumming is upraised by manipulation of an instrument called the samisen, the vocal orchestra on the other side from time to time break forth in most monotonous and most melancholy chant. The stranger notes that whilst this chanting is going forward the actors on the stage interrupt

their play, and stand or sit motionless and silent. Ito explains that these are the Jôruri singers, and their duty is to describe to the audience what the silent actor or actress is at the moment thinking of, to depict the passion that tears his breast, or the regrets that sadden it. Thus, if Mr. Irving were playing Shylock at the Lyceum at Tokio, instead of being troubled during the trial scene to express his feelings by movement of the facial muscles, he would stand quite quiet, whilst the singers in the cage would describe to the audience that his breast was torn with rage because, having expected to cut a pound of flesh from the plump person of Antonio, he now discovered that, owing to the erudition of Portia, the suspicious bearing of the judges, and the weight of general circumstances, he could enjoy his revenge only at peril of his own life.

The forty-three dancing girls entering by the gangway on the right of the stage advanced with measured and unvaried movements. First of all, with right hand uplifted above their heads and left hand extended downwards and slightly outwards, they swayed their bodies to the right. Then, with position of arms reversed, they swayed to the left. Thirdly, they slowly turned round. Fourthly,

they took three steps forward, then swayed to the right, next to the left, and so on *da cappo*. It took about forty minutes thus to advance by one long gangway across the stage and disappear by the other, always with the same motion, with the strumming of the samisen from the orchestra, and the intermittent epilepsy of the drum. After ten minutes the performance began to pall on the jaded Western palate. But Ito sat with lips slightly parted, eyes fixed in admiration too deep for speech, and so sat all the audience through the full forty minutes.

"Beautiful!" Ito exclaimed, when it was over. "Very nice."

The last damsel, always swaying to the right, then to the left, and slowly turning round, disappeared through the doorway amid thunder of applause, and the thread of the drama which had been interrupted was taken up.

The play had been going forward through the greater part of the day, and when we arrived at the theatre, somewhere after eight o'clock, it was pretty well advanced. The scene opened in front of a pretty tea-house, and revealed a Two-Sworded Man, apparently on the rampage. He was asking a girl for a drink, which she served him with ludicrous

contortions indicative of abject fear, which convulsed the audience. It should be mentioned in further proof of that modesty on the stage which makes it a memorable thing even for singing girls to appear in the decorous dance, that in Japanese theatres all the female parts are taken by men.

The Two-Sworded Man had evidently been recently engaged in active strife. His unsheathed sword was stained with blood. Whilst he drank he held the sword behind him, by way of soothing the frightened damsel. In this position he was taken unawares by a sortie of guests from the tea-house who, apparently resuming proceedings earlier commenced, rushed upon him with sticks, brooms, and other things picked up haphazard. But the Two-Sworded Man, refreshed with the water, proved invincible. His terrible sword flashed in the air, and his vanquished assailants were standing, after a brief tussle, quietly with their backs to him as if he were going to measure them for a coat. He drew the sword slowly but firmly across their naked flesh, and they rolled upon the stage, the gore freely flowing.

Two of the assailants fled, but whilst one man was being sliced another stood by, and when his turn came, presented his back, was slashed in the same business-like fashion, and

rolled upon the stage with more ebullitions of gore greeted with loud applause from the gallery. I could not see by what trick these bounteous goutts of blood were made suddenly to appear; but it was very cleverly done.

In Scene 143—or was it 195?—the Two-Sworded Man had another encounter with a couple of casual passers-by. This was a good up-and-down fight, the combatants rolling on the ground two to one. But the Two-Sworded Man added two more victims to his lengthening roll, and drew forth another cheer by wiping his dripping sword on the edge of the stone bridge by which the fight had taken place.

Whilst thus engaged a woman appeared on the scene; she uttered a shriek at sight of the Two-Sworded Man, and he emitted a fearful growl. By this time we were getting used to the spirit of the play, and were not at all surprised to see the Two-Sworded Man approach the woman and slay her. After hacking her till she fell to the ground, he placed the sword in her mouth, and thrust it so far down her throat that in withdrawing it he was compelled to put his foot on her chest, and nearly fell backward as the sword came out, an effect which again brought down the gallery, though, if they only knew it, it is as old as the day when Lars Porsena marched on Rome, and

Horatius and his two comrades kept the bridge.

“On Astur’s throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.”

This done the man with the clogs beat a rattling accompaniment, at which signal two hooded figures entered and carried off the now embarrassing agglomeration of corpses.

The next scene is an exceedingly pretty one, though as nobody is murdered it falls a little flat. The villain is discovered standing in front of a Japanese house, drawing water from a well, such a well as may be seen in any street in Japan. He washes his ensanguined sword and finally his feet. Whilst thus engaged a servant maid comes out and discovers him, again going through a pantomime of terror which, though, perhaps, a little overdone for English taste, was really very funny. Ito explains that the Two-Sworded Man, having escaped from his enemies (a considerable proportion of whom must by this time be dead) has come on a visit to his uncle and aunt. The girl, when she finds her voice, informs him that his uncle is out. Presently the old gentleman is discovered entering by the gangway. It is a wet night and a dark one, so the

uncle carries his umbrella, whilst before him goes a servant with another umbrella and a lantern to light his footsteps. This was a pretty scene and a realistic one, the man evidently approaching his own house instead of accidentally turning up from the side as he would have had to do on an English stage. As the uncle and his servant cross the gangway clogs patter loud for the distant footsteps, falling to a mere tapping as he comes nearer; the drum goes off in a fit, the samisen is thrummed, and whilst uncle and nephew stand and look at each other the Jôruri singers explain their feelings.

Then the stage revolves, and we discover the Two-Sworded Man squatted down in the middle of the room. To him enter uncle and aunt, who squat on either side of him at a brief distance. The nephew relates with judicious moderation his sanguinary story, amid slow music from the caged minstrels on right and left, who play and sometimes chant. The story is intolerably long, and is varied by few interruptions on the part of his listeners. Once the aunt interposes with a remark delightful in its *naïveté*.

"It was very fortunate you did not kill yourself, hurting so many other people," she says.

The audience, who know all about it, having been there since half-past seven in the morning, cry "True!" and "Good!"

It is curious that the sympathies of the audience are entirely with the Two-Sworded Man, a circumstance explained by fuller knowledge of the drama. Captain Brinkley, editor of the principal English paper in Japan, a profound student and an authoritative writer on the Japanese drama, subsequently related to me the full bearings of this popular play. It is the old story of man's love and woman's perfidy. The Two-Sworded Man had had entrusted to him by his master a precious family heirloom; Delilah had betrayed him, had joined a conspiracy to deprive him of his treasure, and had imperilled what to the honest man was even of more value, his character as a faithful servitor. These many people he had slain were concerned in the plot, and the woman from whose throat he had found such difficulty in withdrawing his avenging sword was Delilah.

Now he had come to the house of his uncle to tell his melancholy story, and to perform the only act left to a dishonoured and disgraced Japanese—that of suicide. Having completed his narrative, the nephew announces his intention to commit hari-kari,

a duty to his family highly applauded both by uncle and aunt, though the aunt, to do her justice, shed some tears. Nothing could exceed the politeness of the bearing of each member of the party towards the other at this critical juncture. Before addressing each other they bowed till their foreheads almost touch the ground, and their words were full of high-flown courtesy.

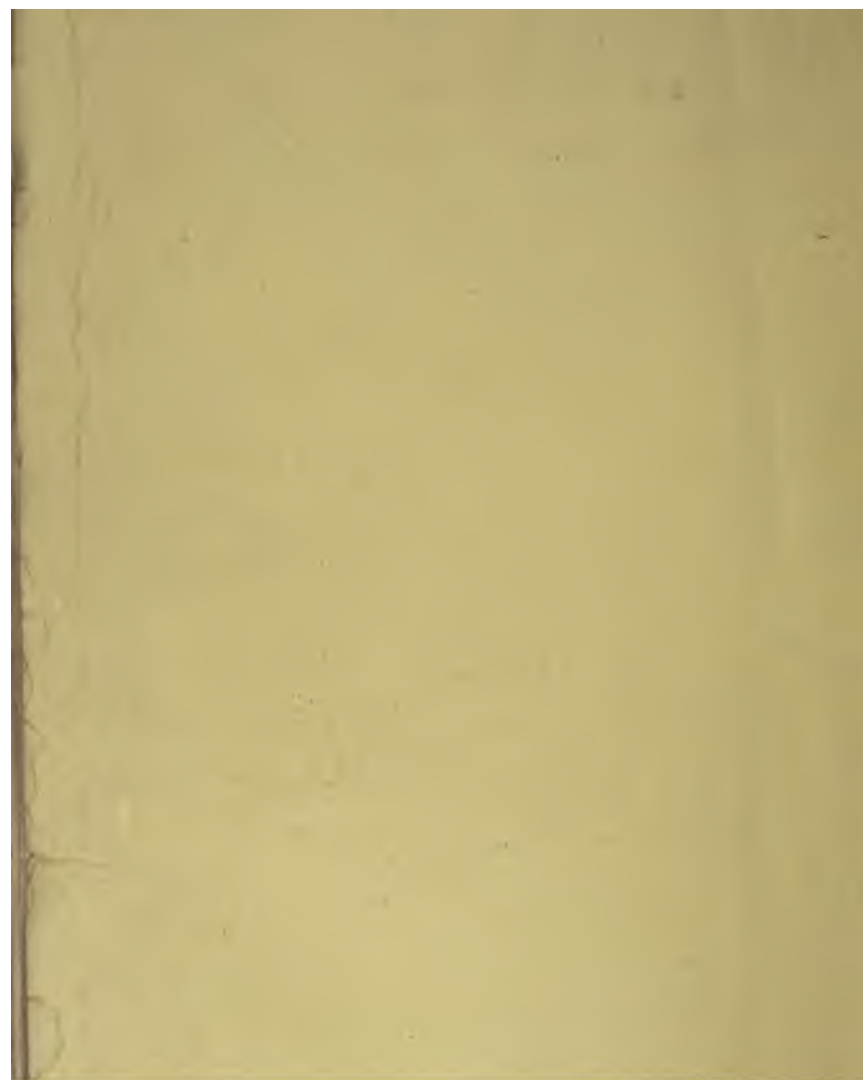
I observed that the Two-Sworded Man was much longer in cutting his own throat than he was in despatching other persons. But an end must come to all things, and there is an end to his long harangue. The aunt spreads upon the floor a white cloth, without which no hari-kari can be properly conducted. The nephew kneels upon it, the aunt and uncle grouping themselves on either side, the aunt still audibly in tears. The nephew, with a polite gesture, borrows his aunt's pocket-handkerchief, which she, with much graciousness of manner, hands to him. He wraps it midway on the blade of his sword and then thrusts the weapon into his stomach, working it about to the ecstatic delight of the gallery, which reaches a climax when the gore rushes forth in unlimited profusion.

Suddenly there is a sound of drums outside. There is a cry, "The police are coming!"

The Two-Sworded Man thereupon cuts his throat, the stage revolves, and the hapless nephew, the didactic uncle, and the tearful aunt disappear, with the clogs rapping, the drum madly throbbing, the samisen strumming, and the party in the cage on the right explaining the feelings of the uncle and aunt ; which indeed may be well imagined.

END OF VOL. I.





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